

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

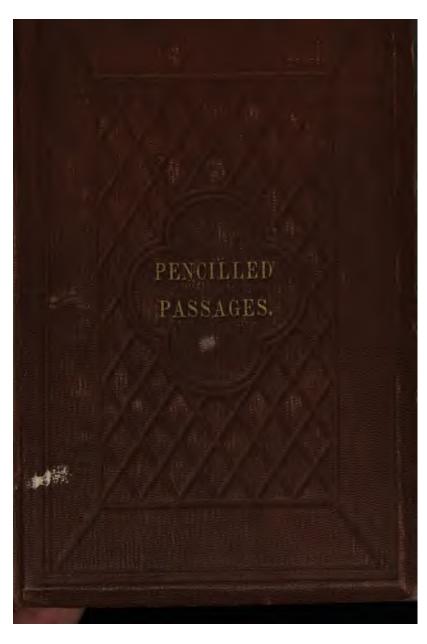
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/





	•		

PENCILLED PASSAGES.

"Let every book-worm, when in any fragment he discovers a sentence, a story, an illustration that does his heart good, hasten to give it."

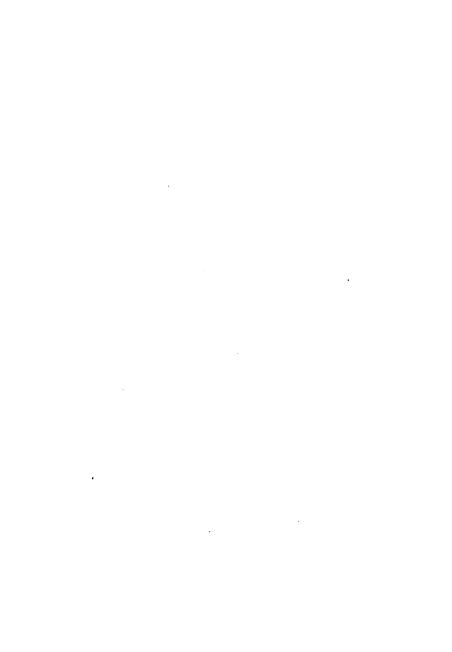
COLERIDGE.

Published for the Benefit of the Asylum for Idiots.

LONDON:

JAMES NISBET AND CO., BERNERS STREET.

1857.



PREFACE.

In the course of more than twenty years' reading, I have been in the habit of pencilling, in the margin of my books, such passages as I have thought either particularly interesting or beautiful, the re-perusal of which has given me pleasure. In the hope that such feeling may extend to others, they are now offered in a collected form; and I take the opportunity to thank those parties who have kindly permitted me to make extracts from their works. I lay no claim to originality, as, in the words of Montaigne, "I have here only made a garland of choice flowers; I bring nothing of my own but the thread that binds them."

B.S.

Forest Hill, June, 1857.



CONTENTS.

I I	AGE
Spare Minutes. Anonymous	
He shall fly away as a Dream. Anonymous	
The Sabbath. Mrs. Hemans	4
Time. Colton	
Night. Rev. R. H. Barham	7
Keepsakes. Noctes Ambrosianæ, from Blackwood's Magazine	8
Farewell Bequests. Mrs. Abdy	10
The Bride. Washington Irving	18
The Child and the Dewdrops	14
The Grave. Washington Irving	10
The Home of Childhood. Mrs. Ellis	20
The Character of Wilberforce. Anonymous	25
A Butterfly. Rogers	2
Poetry. Calder Campbell	20
London and Country Life. Anonymous	27
The Grave. Bernard Barton	29
Memory. Rev. H. Melvill	31
The Holly Tree. Southey	35
Antiquities. Grant	36
The Drop of Water. Anonymous	88
Proof of Design. Anonymous	40
A Thought. Anonymous	45
The Past and Present Times. Macaulay	46
To a Dying Child. R. Shelton Mackenzie, LL.D	48
Prosperity and Adversity. Lord Bacon	56

CONTENTS.

•	AUB.
The Pleasure of Virtue. Chalmers	57
The Death of the Flowers. Miss C. Bowles	59
The Atmosphere. Anonymous	61
Fear. Armstrong	63
The Post. Anonymous	64
The Village Spire. Mrs. Ellis	69
London and Country Churchyards. Anonymous	71
Village Bells. Cowper	74
The Quarters of Life. Anonymous	77
Idleness. Bishop Hall	78
Human Life. Samuel Rogers	79
Love of Children. Mary Howitt	81
Man. Young	82
Mourning. Anonymous	84
Friends. Montgomery	87
Good Management. Bishop Hall	88
The Charms of Association. Anonymous	89
The Old Farm Gate. Eliza Cook	92
Autumnal Reflections. Washington Irving	96
To Daffodils. Herrick	101
A Wooden Ruin. Halliburton	103
Consolation. Dale	105
The Course of the Thames. Mackay	107
The Transplanted Flower. Mrs. Abdy	110
Light. Arnott	112
The Homes of Britain. Catherine Sinclair	115
Gipsy Children. Dickens	117
The Voice of Spring, Mrs. Hemans	118
The Fall of the Leaf. Rev. R. A. Willmott	122
Compensation. Rev. R. A. Willmott	124
A Thought on Death. Mrs. Barbauld	125

CONTENTS.	vii
F	AGE.
Trifles affecting Happiness. Rev. R. A. Willmott	126
The Stages of Human Life. Dr. Hugh Smith	127
The Christian Heart. Rev. R. A. Willmott	128
The Beauties of Vegetation. Rev. V. Knox	129
Burial at Sea. Rev. B. Bailey	131
The Silence of Nature. Rev. R. A. Willmott	132
On the Folly of Melancholy. Anonymous	133
The Wintry May. Anonymous	136
The Saviour. Sir Aubrey de Vere	138
The Silent Expression of Nature. Anonymous	139
Description of a Wreck. Marryat	141
The New Philosophy. Macaulay	144
The Wish to die. Miss Jewsbury	146
Account of a Carnation viewed through a Microscope. Sir John	
Hill	148
Happiness. Pollok	151
Evening. Drake	152
The Dying Boy. Anonymous	155
Flowers. Jones	158
Town and Country. Rev. William Harness	160
The Oak of the Village. Anonymous	162
A Midnight Thought. Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson	166
Reading. Sir John Herschel	168
To Music. Herrick	170
Silent Influence. Dr. Cumming	172
Address to the Stars. Anonymous	173
Virtuous Love. Hall	175
A Walk in a Church-yard. Rev. Richard Chenevix Trench	177
The Influence of Good Fortune on the Sentiments of Men.	
Adam Smith	180
A e Fond Kies Rurns	199

viii

CONTENTS.

Order of Nature	184
Religion the only Basis of Society. Channing	185
Prayer. W. Beckford	188
The Disappointments of Human Life. Dwight	189
Nature. Hurdis	192
Cheerfulness. Addison	198
The Dying Child. Fulcher	194
The Sun. Anonymous	197
Thoughts in Spare Minutes. Warwick	198
Riches. Izaak Walton	199
To an Early Primrose. H. Kirke White	200
On the Life of Man. Jeremy Taylor	202
Rest and Ease. Paley	206
The Moral of an Hour-Glass. Fuller	208
A Complaint. L. E. L	209
Small Things. Mary Roberts	210
The Proverbs of Solomon. Anonymous	211
Dreams of the Departed. Anonymous	215
Love of Home. Anonymous	217
Upon the Sight of Two Snails. Bishop Hall	218
Loss of a Mother. Anonymous	219
Recreation. Bishop Hall	220
The Dog. Sir Walter Scott	221
My Children. Tupper	222
Wealth. Izaak Walton,	224
Walanathan	004

PENCILLED PASSAGES.

SPARE MINUTES.

SPARE minutes are the gold dust of time; and Young was writing a true, as well as a striking line, when he affirmed that—

"Sands make the mountain, moments make the year!"

Of all the portions of our life, the spare minutes are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are the gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden. Now it is precisely during these little intervals of idleness or amusement, that the good angel of literature—of literature baptised by religion—waits upon those whom he loves, and who welcome his visits, with some flower to charm their senses, some song to soothe their ear, or some precious stone to delight their eyes. Spare minutes occur in every portion of the day, but they never come with a sweeter influence than in the hour of twilight. The picture which Cowper has drawn of

an evening at Weston may be transferred to the firesides of our readers. The wintry winds that rattle the bolted shutter awake a livelier feeling of warmth How many thoughts of genius and and gratitude. of devotion, still living through the world, were born amid the indistinct glimmer of the parlour twilight! Ridley, gazing into the expiring embers, after the toils and disputes of the day, beheld, it may be, the English church rising in all her harmony and mag-Raleigh called up from those red cinders, nificence. in which Cowper created trees and churches, cities with gates of gold, and forests stretching into the remote horizon. Milton, while bending over his father's hearth at Horton, and reflecting upon the studies of the day, beheld perhaps the dim outline of some majestic story, over which those treasures of Greek and Latin fancy and eloquence were to diffuse so sweet a charm.

"Bright winter fires that summer's part supply,"
was the pleasing line of Cowley. These winter spare
minutes are the harvest-homes of memory. Thoughts
that have been gleaning in distant fields during the
day, now bring back their little sheaves to the
garner.

Anonymous.

HE SHALL FLY AWAY AS A DREAM.

I DREAM'D:—I saw a rosy child,
With flaxen ringlets, in a garden playing;
Now stooping here, and then afar off straying,
As flower or butterfly his feet beguiled.

'T was changed; one summer's day I stepp'd aside
To let him pass; his face had manhood's seeming,
And that full eye of blue was fondly beaming
On a fair maiden, whom he called his bride.

Once more; 'twas evening, and the cheerful fire I saw a group of youthful forms surrounding, The room with harmless pleasantry resounding, And, in the midst, I mark'd the smiling sire.

The heavens were clouded—and I heard the tone
Of a slow-moving bell; the white-hair'd man had gone!

Anonymous.

THE SABBATH.

How many blessed groups this hour are bending,
Through England's primrose meadow-paths, their
way

Towards spire and tower, 'midst shadowy elms ascending,

Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallow'd day. The halls, from old heroic ages grey,

Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low,

With whose thick orchard blooms the soft winds play,

Send out their inmates in a happy flow,

Like a freed vernal stream. I may not tread

With them those pathways—to the feverish bed

Of sickness bound; yet, oh my God! I bless Thy mercy, that with sabbath peace hath fill'd

My chasten'd heart, and all its throbbings still'd

To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.

Mrs. Hemans.*

^{*} Composed a few days before her death, and dictated to her brother.

TIME.

TIME is the most undefinable yet paradoxical of things; the past is gone, the future is not come, and the present becomes the past even while we attempt to define it; and, like the flash of the lightning, at once exists and expires. Time is the measurer of all things, but is itself immeasurable, and the grand discloser of all things, but is itself undisclosed. Like space, it is incomprehensible, because it has no limit, and it would be still more so if it had. It is more obscure in its source than the Nile, and in its termination than the Niger; and advances like the slowest tide, but retreats like the swiftest torrent. It gives wings of lightning to pleasure, but feet of lead to pain; and lends expectation a curb, but enjoyment a spur. It robs beauty of her charms, to bestow them on her picture, and builds a monument to merit, but denies it a house; it is the transient and deceitful flatterer of falsehood, but the tried and

Time is the most subtle yet final friend of truth. the most insatiable of depredators, and by appearing to take nothing, is permitted to take all; nor can it be satisfied until it has stolen the world from us, and us from the world. It constantly flies, yet overcomes all things by flight; and, although it is the present ally, it will be the future conqueror of death. Time, the cradle of hope but the grave of ambition, is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise, bringing all they dread to the one, and all they desire to the other; but, like Cassandra, it warns us with a voice that even the sagest discredit too long, and the silliest believe too late. Wisdom walks before it, opportunity with it, and repentance behind it: he that has made it his friend will have little to fear from his enemies; but he that has made it his enemy will have little to hope from his friends.

Colton.

PRUDENCE may be considered in relation to a man as the string is to the kite; it properly restrains it. It enables the kite to rise, and maintains it when raised.

NIGHT.

- O sweet and beautiful is night, when the silver moon is high,
- And countless stars, like clustering gems, hang sparkling in the sky,
- While the balmy breath of the summer breeze comes whispering down the glen,
- And one fond voice alone is heard—O night is lovely then!
- But when that voice, in feebler moans of sickness and of pain,
- But mocks the anxious ear that strives to catch its sounds in vain,
- When silently we watch the bed, by the taper's flickering light,
- Where all we love is fading fast—how terrible is night!

Rev. R. H. Barham.

KEEPSAKES.

Shepherd.—Few things in this weary warld sae delichtfu' as keepsakes! Nor do they ever, to my heart at least, nor to my een, ever lose their tender, their powerful charm!

North.—Of all keepsakes, memorials, relics, most tenderly, most dearly, most devoutly, James, do I love a little lock of hair!—and, oh! when the head it beautified has long mouldered in the dust, how spiritual seems the undying glossiness of the sole remaining ringlet! All else gone to nothing—save and except that soft, smooth, burnished, golden, and glorious fragment of the apparelling that once hung in clouds and sunshine over an angel's brow.

Shepherd.—Ay, Sir; a lock o' hair, I agree wi' you, is far better than ony pictur. It's a pairt o' the beloved object hersell—it belanged to the tresses that aften, lang, lang ago, may hae a' been suddenly dishevelled, like a shower o' sunbeams, ower your

beatin' breast! But noo solemn thochts sadden the beauty ance sae bricht—sae refulgent—the langer you gaze on't, the mair and mair pensive grows the expression of the holy relic—it seems to say, almost upbraidingly, "Weep'st thou no more for me?" and then, indeed, a tear, true to the imperishable affection in which all nature seemed to rejoice, "when life itself was young," bears witness that the object towards which it yearned is no more forgotten, now that she has been dead for so many long weary years, than she was forgotten during an hour of absence, that came like a passing cloud between us and the sunshine of her living, her loving smiles.

Noctes Ambrosianæ, from Blackwood's Magazine.

THE filial band by which nature binds a man to his aged parent should only be severed by death. Like the white wand of Garter King at Arms, it should never be broken until it is dropped into the grave, upon the hollow-sounding coffin lid of its monarch.

Anonymous.

FAREWELL BEQUESTS.

ERE the last fleeting ties of life are broken,
While those I love around me weeping stand,
Let me dispense to each some parting token
Of one fast hastening to the spirit land.
Language and gifts but feebly can impart
The deep affection of my ardent heart;
Yet, dearest friends, these last memorials take,
And prize them for my sake.

Father—thy high and stainless reputation
By the pure diamond well may imaged be—
Accept this ring—see how its radiation
Casts round its neighbourhood a brilliancy.
Within thy home I thus have honour'd dwelt,
And when the world has praised me, I have felt
That in its homage I should not partake,
Save for my father's sake.

Mother—this locket thou wilt fondly cherish,

Not for its outward shrine of gold and pearls,
It guards a part of me that need not perish,
One of my lavish store of auburn curls;
Methinks I could not to thy share assign
Aught that appear'd so fully, truly, mine—
This relic of thy grateful daughter take,
And wear it for her sake.

Sister—receive this lute—its sprightly numbers
Once gaily sounded by our joyous hearth.
But when thou see'st me laid in death's cold slumbers,
Touch it no more to songs of festal mirth;
Sing of the meetings of fond friends above,
Sing of God's wondrous grace and pardoning love,
These holy strains at peaceful evening wake
For thy poor sister's sake.

Brother — my little brother — thou hast tended
Often with me my greenhouse plants and flowers;
Take their sole charge—they safely are defended
By fostering walls from sudden blights and showers:
Thus is thy childhood in its tender bloom
Train'd with fond care, and kept from storm and gloom,
Dear child, improvement daily strive to make,
For thy kind parents' sake.

I seek in vain one absent, erring brother,
Alas, he wanders on a foreign sod;
Yet when thou next shalt see him, give him, mother,
This sacred volume—'tis the word of God:
Tell him his sister ask'd, in constant prayer,
That he in its blest promises might share,
Bid him from sin's delusive trance awake,
For his soul's precious sake.

Loved ones — why gaze upon these gifts with sadness?

My worldly wants and wishes are at rest.

Dost thou not know I go in trusting gladness

To take possession of a vast bequest?

That heritage was by my Saviour given,

When He descended from His throne in heaven,

Sorrow and suffering on Himself to take,

For man's poor sinful sake.

Not mine alone those treasures of salvation,

The precious boon extends, dear friend, to thee:
Then mourn not for our transient separation,

But, when I leave thee, think and speak of me,
As of a freed one mounting to the skies,
Call'd from the world of snares and vanities,

Her place amid the blessed saints to take,

For her Redeemer's sake.

Mrs. Abdy.

THE BRIDE.

I know no sight more charming and touching than that of a young and timid bride, in her robes of virgin white, led up trembling to the altar. When I thus behold a lovely girl, in the tenderness of her vears, forsaking the house of her fathers and the home of her childhood, and, with the implicit confidence and the sweet self-abandonment which belong to woman, giving up all the world for the man of her choice-when I hear her, in the good old language of the ritual, yielding herself to him "for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, honour, and obey, till death us do part"it brings to mind the beautiful and affecting devotion of Ruth: "Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

Washington Irving.

THE CHILD AND THE DEW-DROPS.

"Oh FATHER, dear father! why pass they away—
The dew-drops that sparkle at dawning of day?
That glitter'd like stars in the light of the moon,
Oh! why are the dew-drops dissolving so soon?
Does the sun in his wrath chase their brightness away,
As though nothing that's lovely might live for a day?
The moonlight has faded, the flowers still remain,
But the dew-drops have shrunk in their petals again.
Oh father, dear father! why pass they away—
The dew-drops that sparkled at dawning of day?"

"My child," said the father, "look up to the skies, Behold that bright rainbow, those beautiful dyes; There, there are the dew-drops in glory re-set, 'Mid the jewels of heaven they are glittering yet: Then are we not taught by each beautiful ray To mourn not earth's fair things though passing away? For though youth of its beauty and brightness be riven,

All that withers on earth blooms more sweetly in heaven.

Look up," said the father, "look up to the skies, Hope sits on the wings of those beautiful dyes."

Alas for the father! how little knew he
That the words he had spoken prophetic would be;
That the beautiful cherub, the star of his day,
Was e'en then like the dew-drop dissolving away;
Oh! sad was the father, when, lo! in the skies
The rainbow again spread its beautiful dyes,
And then he remember'd the maxims he'd given,
And thought of his child, and the dew-drops in
heaven:

Yes, then he remember'd the maxims he'd given, And thought of his child, and the dew-drops in heaven.

THE wick of life emits, in proportion as it lengthens, a dimmer and more languid flame.

THE GRAVE.

The Grave is the ordeal of true affection. It is there that the divine passion of the soul manifests its superiority to the instinctive impulse of mere animal attachments. The latter must be continually refreshed and kept alive by the presence of its objects; but the love that is seated in the soul can live on long remembrance. The mere inclinations of sense languish and decline, with the charms which excited them, and turn with disgust from the dismal precincts of the tomb; but it is thence that truly spiritual affection rises purified from every sensual desire, and returns, like a holy flame, to illumine and sanctify the heart of the survivor.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it as a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in

solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved; when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal; would accept of the consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? - No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its leveliness-who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the brightest hours of gaiety; or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh the grave!—the grave! it buries every error-covers every defect-extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him! Ay! go to the grave of buried love, and there meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never-never-never return to be soothed by thy contrition! If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged in thought, word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee-if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet, - then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear; more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret;—but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

Washington Irving.

Perseverance.—If there be one thing on earth which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers, where they have been honestly, truly, and zealously cultivated.

Dr. Arnold.

THE HOME OF CHILDHOOD.

'Tis a sad sight, though often seen on earth, The ruin of the place that gave us birth — Total destruction of that actual scene — Razed from the ground, as if it ne'er had been. 'Tis not alone the old protecting wall, That sinks before us, as the fragments fall; But even the space we used to call our own Is mixed with common air - dissolved and gone. We know the flowers of spring will bloom again, The woodland warblers will renew their strain, The stately tree that falls will leave behind Some seed, or stem, or sapling of its kind; All things that e'er on earth's fair bosom grew, Time, in some form or likeness, will renew: E'en dearest friends, whose early troth was given, Sever'd below, may live to meet in heaven. But never more around our native hearth, When once destroy'd, can life restore its mirth.

All — all is gone — that well remember'd door,
The sound of welcome feet along that floor,
The window where we sat in musing hour,
Watching the moonbeams, listening to the shower,
The twilight shade of that sequester'd spot,
The Sabbath evening worship, ne'er forgot;
The chamber of our childhood, where we slept,
And, still more sacred, where we oft have wept
Tears by the nearest friend unseen — unknown —
Hoarding the treasure of our grief alone —
All — all have vanish'd, by one stroke of fate:
Man may destroy, but cannot re-create.

Mrs. Ellis.

LIFE passes so swiftly, we should labour hard and fast, as those who in the harvest-field see the night closing in upon them, and much corn still standing.

THE CHARACTER OF WILBERFORCE.

It is not wonderful that many have claimed Mr. Wilberforce as the ornament of that particular section of the Christian Church which has assumed or acquired the distinctive title of Evangelical; nor that they should resent as injurious to their party any more catholic view of his real character. That he became the secular head of this body is perfectly true; but no man was ever more exempt from bondage to any religious party. Immutably attached to the cardinal truths of revelation, he was in other respects a latitudinarian. "Strange," he would say, "that Christians have taken as the badge of separation the very Sacrament which their Redeemer instituted as the symbol of their union." And in this spirit, though a strict conformist to the Church of England, he occasionally attended the public worship of those who dissent from her communion, and maintained a cordial fellowship with Christians of every denomination. The opinion may, indeed, be hazarded, that he was not profoundly learned in any branch of controversial theology, nor much qualified for success in such studies. His mind had been little trained to systematic investigation either in moral or physical science. Though the practice of rhetoric was the business of his mature life, the study of logic had not been the occupation of his youth. Scepticism and suspended judgment were foreign to his mental habits. Perhaps no man ever examined more anxiously the meaning of the sacred writings, and probably no one ever more readily admitted their authority. Finding in his own bosom ten thousand echoes to the doctrines and precepts of the gospel, he wisely and gladly received this silent testimony to their truth, and gave them a reverential admission. Instead of consuming life in a protracted scrutiny into the basis of his belief, he busied himself in erecting upon it a superstructure of piety and of virtue. In fact, his creed differed little, if at all, from that of the vast majority of Protestants. The difference between him and his fellow Christians consisted chiefly in the uses to which his religious opinions The reflections which most men were applied. habitually avoid he as habitually cherished. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say of him that God was in all his thoughts. He surveyed human life as the eye of an artist ranges over a landscape, receiving innumerable intimations which escape any less practised observer. In every faculty he recognised a sacred trust; in every material object an indication of the divine wisdom and goodness; in every human being an heir of immortality; in every enjoyment a proof of the Divine benignity; in every affliction an act of parental discipline. The early development of this habit of mind appears to have been attended with much dejection and protracted self-denial; but the gay and social spirit of the man gradually resumed its dominion. A piety so profound was never so entirely free from asceticism. It was allied to all the pursuits and all the innocent pleasures of life, we might almost say to all its blameless whims and humours. The frolic of earlier days had indeed subsided, and the indestructible gaiety of his heart had assumed a more gentle and cautious character. But with a settled peace of mind, and a self-government continually gaining strength, he felt that perfect freedom which enabled him to give the reins to his constitutional vivacity; and the most devotional of men was at the same time the most playful and

exhilarating companion. His presence was as fatal to dulness as to immorality. His mirth was as irresistible as the first laughter of childhood.

Anonymous.

A BUTTERFLY.

CHILD of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight, Mingling with her thou lov'st in fields of light; And, where the flowers of paradise unfold, Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold, There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky, Expand and shut in silent ecstasy.

. . . Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that crept On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb, and slept: And such is man: soon from his cell of clay, To burst a seraph in the blaze of day.

Rogers.

POETRY.

"Where find ye Poetry?"—Go look abroad.
Fare forth and meet it in each blade of grass,
In every bell of dew that, on the sod,
Makes for the butterflies a looking-glass;
In every sunbeam, and in every shade
In the stream's murmur, and the wild bird's song;
In merry cricket's chirp the weeds among,
In sunny meadow, and in gloomy glade!
"Where find ye Poetry?"—The fertile earth
Is one fair meadow, fill'd with thoughts sublime;
And he who worships nature, and looks forth
With pondering spirit on the course of time,
Shall in each page find sweetest Poetry—
Religion, Beauty, Truth, Sublimity!"

Calder Campbell.

Painting is the intermediate somewhat between a thought and a thing.

Coleridge.

LONDON AND COUNTRY LIFE.

OH, London, London! what a school art thou for unguarded innocence and unprotected youth; great, splendid, mighty, though thou art! Recollect, ve who would live beyond the beasts that perish, that this emporium of wealth, this nursing-mother of enterprise and industry, this battle-field of fortune and of fame, is at the same time the grave of virtue, principle, and honour - of trusting kindliness and amiability of heart: recollect this, and be satisfied with innocence and obscurity. If you could penetrate our hearts, and find the universal leprosy that taints us there, you would turn disgusted from the appalling sight; you would fly the place where all that man has in common with the angels must give way before the selfish worship of mammon - our god; you would return to the enjoyment of those luxuries of life which have nothing in common with fortune or fame - the sweet society of friends, the rapture of

confiding love, and the solace of a cheerful and contented mind. Happy, thrice happy are they who have not listened to the voice of the charmer, or cast their lot amid the turbulence of mighty cities: creation's heirs, the earth is to them a goodly heritage, the little flower that lurks half hidden from the eye, is a familiar friend. Cheerful are your smiles, children of nature, for your hearts are innocent and pure; light your slumbers, unbroken by the disappointments of the day, or the cares of the coming morrow; -- uncorrupted by the vices of the town, your ignorance is truly bliss. While we are absorbed in the vanity, that is, business of life, you pursue more wisely its enjoyments; while with us soul and body are absorbed in striving for the emptiness of a name, or the incumbrances of fortune, you are blessed in the pursuit of another and a better ambition — the ambition to live, not greatly, nor wealthily, but that which is, at once and all - of living well.

Anonymous.

THE cedar tree perfumes the axe that cuts it down.

THE GRAVE.

I LOVE to muse, when none are nigh,
Where yew-tree branches wave,
And hear the winds, with softest sigh,
Sweep o'er the grassy grave.

It seems a mournful music, meet
To soothe a lonely hour;
Sad though it be, it is more sweet
Than that from Pleasure's bower.

I know not why it should be sad, Or seem a mournful tone, Unless by man the spot be clad With terrors not its own.

To nature it seems just as dear
As earth's most cheerful site;
The dew-drops glitter there as clear,
The sun-beams shine as bright.

The showers descend as softly there
As on the loveliest flowers;
Nor does the moonlight seem more fair
On Beauty's sweetest bowers.

"Ah! but within — within, there sleeps
One, o'er whose mouldering clay
The loathsome earth-worm winds and creeps,
And wastes that form away."

And what of that? The frame that feeds
The reptile tribe below —
As little of their banquet heeds,
As of the winds that blow.

Bernard Barton.

THE excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable, with interest, about thirty years after date.

MEMORY.

THERE is a wonderful power in memory, when made to array before the guilty days and scenes of comparative innocence. It is with an absolutely crushing might, that the remembrance of the years and home of his boyhood will come upon the criminal, when brought to a pause in his career of misdoing, and perhaps about to suffer its penalties. If we knew his early history, and it would bear us out in the attempt, we should make it our business to set before him the scenery of his native village - the cottage where he was born - the school to which he was sent — the Church where he first heard the preached Gospel; and we should call to his recollection the father and the mother, long since gathered to their rest, who made him kneel down night and morning, and who instructed him out of the Bible, and who warned him, even with tears, against evil ways and evil companions. We should remind him how peacefully his days then glided away; with how much of happiness he was blessed in possession, how much of hope in prospect. And he may be now a hardened and desperate man; but we will never believe that, as his young days were thus passing before him, and the reverend forms of his parents came back from the grave, and the trees that grew around his birthplace waved over him their foliage, and he saw himself once more as he was in early life, when he knew crime but by name, and knew it only to abhor - we will never believe that he could be proof against this mustering of the past - he might be proof against invective, proof against reproach, proof against remonstrance; but when we brought memory to bear upon him, and bade it people itself with all the imagery of youth, we believe that, for the moment at least, the obdurate being would be subdued, and a sudden gush of tears prove that we had opened a long sealed-up fountain.

Rev. H. Melvill.

Religion without its mysteries, is a temple without a God.

THE HOLLY TREE.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves,
Order'd by an intelligence so wise,
As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.

Below a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes, And moralise: And in this wisdom of the holly tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after time.

Thus though perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude,
Reserved and rude,
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away;
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And as when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The holly leaves their fadeless hues display
Less bright than they,
But when the bare and wintry winds we see,
What then so cheerful as the holly tree.

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem among the young and gay
More grave than they;
That in my age as cheerful I might be,
As the green winter of the holly tree.

Southey.

The floating weeds and birds that meet
The wanderers back at sea,
And tell that fresh, and new, and sweet,
A world is on the lee,
Are like the hints of that high clime,
Towards which we steer o'er waves of time.

ANTIQUITIES.

No one can look on the antiquities in the British Museum, without feeling a train of reflections arise in his mind as to the changes which have taken place in the world since the periods to which these antiquities point us back. I look on a block of stone richly carved with Egyptian hieroglyphics, and I think of the moral and political vicissitudes, which not only nations, but whole continents, have experienced since the hand that executed those figures was laid in the dust. I look on a fragment of exquisite sculpture, and I think of the numerous events of unutterable importance which have taken place since the bosom of him who formed it ceased to beat. The most momentous of all transactions the universe ever witnessed, the death of the Redeemer, is one of those events which occurred since that time. vast and mighty empires have crumbled into dust, leaving no trace of their fame, glory, and power?

And nations, which were then sunk to the lowest depths of degradation, being not many removes in point of intelligence above the brute creation, are now the most civilised and powerful on the face of the earth. The Greek and Roman empires, then so glorious and powerful, have for numerous ages been among the things that were; and France and Great Britain, then scarcely known among the countries of the world, may now be said to be the mistresses of the world. And not only have new powers of great moral and political importance since that period started into existence, but we have now an entire world (America), then unknown and undreamed of.

Grant.

LIFE is a kind of enchanted circle—there seems always to be as much before us, as we have already passed; though we are necessarily conscious that we leave every hour more behind us.

THE DROP OF WATER.

AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

- "How mean 'mid all this glorious space, how valueless am I!"
- A little drop of water said, as, trembling in the sky,
- It downward fell, in haste to meet the interminable sea,
- As if the watery mass its goal and sepulchre should be.
- But ere of no account within the watery mass it fell, It found a shelter and a home, the oyster's concave shell;
- And there that little drop became a hard and precious gem.
- Meet ornament for royal wreath, for Persia's diadem.
- Cheer up, faint heart, that hear'st the tale, and though thy lot may seem
- Contemptible, yet not of it as nothing-worth esteem;

Nor fear that thou exempt from care of Providence shalt be,

An undistinguishable drop in nature's boundless sea.

The Power that called thee into life has skill to make thee live,

A place of refuge can provide, another being give; Can clothe the perishable form with beauty rich and rare,

And "when He makes His jewels up," grant thee a station there.

Anonymous.

It happens to men of learning, as to ears of corn: they shoot up and raise their heads high, when they are empty; but when full, and swelled with grain, they begin to flag and droop.

4

PROOF OF DESIGN.

HAD man been a mere animal machine, destitute of reason, he would have been the most defenceless creature on earth The elephant possesses an instrument by which he can grasp his enemy, and an enormous weight by which he can trample him to death. The bear is endowed with a degree of muscular strength, by which he can compress the human figure with as much facility as we break a nutshell. The lion and the tiger can spring upon their prey, and fix it by their claws to the earth until they satiate their hunger. But the infant, what a helpless being it is, and remains, long after it first sees the light! The idiot who never enjoyed reason; the melancholy maniac who has been deprived of it; how pitiably weak and dependent are they, compared with the rhinoceros or the eagle! Nevertheless, it has been given to man to subdue all the tribes of animated nature to his use, and he has

fulfilled his destiny in that respect by means of his hand, the most perfect physical instrument with which we are acquainted. Not all the skill of man has yet been able to imitate the hand in its formation and functions, or to suggest an improvement in one of its joints or muscles. Galen's enthusiastic and eloquent description of it, which the reader will find translated in Dr. Kidd's volume (Bridgewater treatise), though unrivalled in ancient or modern literature, scarcely does justice to the flexibility, delicacy, and strength of this admirable instrument. But it is, after all, nothing more than an instrument; it would have been, comparatively, powerless, had it not been moved to action by the rational faculty of which it is the immediate servant.

Yet, although it is by means of the hand that we operate upon external matter, we cannot perceive, as Sir Charles Bell justly remarks, any relation between that instrument and the mind. The hand is not more distinct from the rose which it is about to pluck, than the mind is from this organ of its volition. Indeed, we must all feel that this pulse which beats at the wrist, has nothing whatever to do with our will. We may use the hand for our purposes, but its machinery, its vitality, do not in any way depend

upon our dictates. The action of the heart, the circulation of the blood, are carried on by laws to which the mind is no party. Had it been otherwise, a single act of omission in ordering the requisite functions on our part, might bring life to a premature termination. The fracture of a small filament in the admirable tracery of nervous cords which unites many organs in sympathy, would produce spasm, suffocation, and death. Thus, then, we have two principles of vitality in us, -one, that of the mind; the other, that of the frame in which it is enveloped; each perfectly distinct, and manifestly the work of a Superior Intelligence, who has given us a control over the operations of both, but has taught us the secret of immortality, in the laws which disclose their separate existence. The planets move round the sun by His attraction; the blood circulates through our frame by no relation to the mind. The planets and the sun itself shall perish; the blood shall cease to circulate, and the fairest fabric of mortality shall moulder in the dust; but the mind lives independently of matter, as matter does of . mind, and can no more be affected, as to its vital essence, by the destruction of the body, than Sirius would be by the extinction of our entire solar system.

Not only are the vital functions of the body independent of our will, but each of our organs has been endowed, without any consent or previous knowledge on our part, with powers admirably suited to its purpose; powers which are not the result of life either of the mind or the body, but of special legislation, founded on premeditated design, and accomplishing an adaptation of means to end, wonderful for their perfection. Thus the heart, to which the lover appeals as the seat of his ardent feelings, as the most sensible organ of his system, may be rudely pressed by the hand without conveying to him the sensation that it has been touched. Harvey's celebrated experiment puts this fact beyond a doubt.

It happened that a youth of the noble family of Montgomerie had his interior exposed in an extraordinary manner, in consequence of an abscess in the side of the chest, which was caused by a fall. The youth was introduced to the presence of Charles I., and Harvey, putting one hand through the aperture, grasped the heart, and so held it for some time, without the young man being at all conscious that any new object was in contact with it, Other observations have since confirmed this discovery, and the heart is now universally declared by medical men to

be insensible! Nevertheless, we all well know that the heart is affected not only by the emotions of the mind, but by every change that takes place in the condition of the body. Here, then, is a complete The heart, insensible to touch, proof of design. which, from its internal position, it was never intended to experience, is yet sensibly alive to every variation in the circulation of the blood, and sympathises in the strictest manner with the powers of the constitu-There is nothing, however, in the mere principle of life, still less in the physical texture of the heart, to give it insensibility to touch, and sensibility to feeling of the most active and refined description. As life is animation added to the body when formed, so this peculiar susceptibility of the heart is an endowment added to the organ by Him who made it.

Anonymous.

THE Mogul, Sultan Acbar, bore this inscription upon one of his seals (in allusion to sincerity): "I never knew a man lost upon a straight road."

A THOUGHT.

O could we step into the grave, And lift the coffin lid, And look upon the greedy worms That eat away the dead;

It well might change the reddest cheek Into a lily white, And freeze the warmest blood, to look Upon so sad a sight!

Yet still it were a sadder sight,

If in that lump of clay,

There were a sense, to feel the worms

So busy with their prey.

O pity, then, the living heart,—
The lump of living clay,—
On which the canker-worms of guilt
For ever, ever prey.

Anonymous.

THE PAST AND PRESENT TIMES.

In spite of evidence, many will still imagine to themselves the England of the Stuarts as a more pleasant country than the England in which we live. It may, at first sight, seem strange that society, while constantly moving forward with eager speed, should be constantly looking backward with tender regret. But these two propensities, inconsistent as they may appear, can easily be resolved into the same principle. Both spring from our impatience of the state in which we actually are. That impatience, while it stimulates us to surpass preceding generations, disposes us to overrate their happiness. It is in some sense, unreasonable and ungrateful in us to be constantly discontented with a condition which is constantly improving. But, in truth, there is constant improvement precisely because there is constant discontent. If we were perfectly satisfied with the present, we should cease to contrive, to labour, and

to save, with a view to the future. And it is natural that, being dissatisfied with the present, we should form a too favourable estimate of the past. In truth, we are under a deception similar to that which misleads the traveller in the Arabian desert. the caravan all is dry and bare; but far in advance, and far in the rear, is the semblance of refreshing The pilgrims hasten forward and find waters. nothing but sand, where, an hour before, they had seen a lake. They turn their eyes and see a lake, where, an hour before, they were toiling through sand. A similar illusion seems to haunt nations through every stage of the long progress from poverty and barbarism to the highest degrees of opulence and civilization. But, if we resolutely chase the mirage backwards, we shall find it recede before us into the regions of fabulous antiquity.

Macaulay.

THOUGHT is the soul's chariot.

TO A DYING CHILD.

- As tempest wreck'd, 'mid ocean waves, the seaman struggles on,
- Though mountain-high the waters rise, though hope be all but gone;
- Yet may one memory cheer his soul amid the breakers' roar,
- The thought of that thrice blessèd home he never may see more:
- The thought of all the loved, the far, to whom his life is life;—
- Then, then, his failing energies re-gather for the strife.
- In the life-struggle on he speeds, with strengthen'd heart and hand,
- And grasps the plank which bears him on to yonder friendly strand.
- Thus do I struggle hopeless all, for oh! it is in vain,
- Grasping at every chance that health may tint thy cheek again.

- Yet it is hard, my drooping flower, to think that there can be
- Nought which may glad a father's heart with brighteyed hope for thee.
- For, in thy cheek, so wasted now, once like the rose's bloom —
- I read too well the omens sad, which tell me of thy doom:
- In thy faint voice thy feeble steps the racking, constant pain —
- Thy patience sweet, which suffers aye, and never doth complain —
- Thy low, deep sigh (for us who weep), thy fix'd and thrilling gaze,
- With all the fitful brightness which belongs to dying days;—
- I feel that hope were madness, that thy time on earth is brief,
- But tears are vain, my task is now to calm thy mother's grief.
- Methinks thou wert as fair a flower as Earth hath ever borne!
- Thy cheek was radiant with the hues which tint the dewy morn —

- Thy voice as sweet as is the tone of some dear bird of song,
- A sudden burst of melody, as we speed through life along,—
- Thy bounding step was free and fleet thy lovely form of grace,
- Well suited with the beauty which adorn'd thy mind and face;
- Thine eyes!—the diamond's light was nothing to their flash,
- Whene'er they spoke all joyful from beneath each long dark lash:
- Thou wert more like the fancy thought that fills a poet's dream,
- Than aught which ever glanced across Earth's melancholy stream.
- Oh, child of lovely mind and form, if thou wert not mine own,
- Methinks I could have loved thee well, for thy sweet self alone.
- But here, when in thy features blend thy mother's and thy sire's,
- Than from thy fount of feeling springs the love which never tires.

- When sweet affection, full and frank, flow'd with thy slightest word
- When every lip confess'd thy worth, and every heart adored,
- When early dower'd with mental worth, thy wit surpass'd thy years;
- When, never yet (till now, in grief) for thee flow'd forth our tears:
- Oh gladly might a father's heart exult in such a child,
- And heaven must pardon, if it throb with anguish deep and wild.
- Oh early gifted, seldom yet hath nature's hand combined
- Strength or long years with such a quick maturity of mind.
- The earliest flower, the ripest fruit, first withers and decays—
- And thus, my child, for thee is not the boon of length of days.
- Yet, oh, how bitter is the thought that gifts so rich as thine
- Should for a moment cheat our hope, and then for aye decline;

- What 'wildering dreams have often sprung and fancied all thy life
- Lovely, and loved, with woman's charms a bride a happy wife.
- With "olive branches round about" thy happy, happy hearth,
- It was a father's dream, sweet child, a fantasy of earth.
- I think on all which thou hast been I view thee as thou art —
- Yet, pallid flower, far dearer now, to this afflicted heart:
- The love which once it cherish'd so, still holds its primal sway,
- Link'd with a tender, soft, regret above thy sad decay:
- The pride, for thee, which swell'd this heart, for all that thou hast been,
- Falls chasten'd now, like fading light, upon day's dying scene.
- I watch thy couch at midnight hour, when silence reigns around,
- And, by my side, beloved child, another may be found:

- Thy gentle mother, o'er thy rest an anxious vigil keeps,
- Presses my hand, and points to thee, and sadly, sadly weeps.
- Thou art our very pulse of life, and must we lose thee now,
- Just in the morning of thy youth, with promise on thy brow?
- We'll miss our merry songstress, with her melodies of heart,
- Snatches of music, sweeter far than ever framed by Art.
- We'll miss our winning playfellow, whose very glance was glee —
- We'll miss our fairy dancer, with her motions light and free —
- We'll miss the glad "good morrow" and the prayerful "good night"—
- We'll miss the deep, deep beauty of those eyes so darkly bright;
- Even here, as I watch over thee, they open on me now,
- Undimm'd and brilliant, as if pain had never press'd thy brow.

- Yet, Beautiful, if God should call thy spirit from its clay,
- If from the cares and tears of earth he summon thee away,
- Wilt thou not come if, oh, indeed, a spirit-child may come,
- And breathe the better air of heaven above what was thy home?
- Wilt thou not hover round that home, of which thou art the light,
- Wilt thou not come to us in dreams, in the still hour of night?
- Wilt thou not sweetly whisper thus, "Not lost but gone before?"
- Shall not the happy day arrive when we shall weep no more?
- Then in the better, brighter sphere, the lost of earth shall rise,
- Enfranchised from this world of pain, to yonder glorious skies.
- His will be done. What Time might bring if it had left us thee,
- Lies hidden from our ken behind the veil of mystery.

- A thousand griefs might have been thine on life's tempestuous wave,
- Perhaps, in mercy, God would claim the boon of life he gave.
- Be still, my spirit, think of all His mercy leaves thee here —
- Friends, health, and hope to live for yet—all that the heart holds dear,
- A happy home, though one bright gem be loosen'd from its zone,
- The trusting love which, years ago made one true heart mine own,
- One bud for hope to cherish, for pride to boast, is left,
- And, while I weep, I still can say, "I am not quite bereft."

R. Shelton Mackenzie, LL.D.

A man may be a giant among dwarfs, and yet only a dwarf among giants.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

PROSPERITY is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer evidence of God's favour. Yet, even, in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needle-works and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground. Judge, therefore, of the pleasures of the heart by the pleasures of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice; but adversity doth best discover virtue.

Lord Bacon.

THE PLEASURE OF VIRTUE.

VIRTUE is not only seen to be right — it is felt to be delicious. There is happiness in the very wish to make others happy. There is a heart's ease, or a heart's enjoyment, even in the first purposes of kindness, as well as in its subsequent performances. There is a certain rejoicing sense of clearness in the consistency, the exactitude of justice and truth. There is a triumphant elevation of spirit in magnanimity and honour. In perfect harmony with this, there is a placid feeling of serenity and blissful contentment in gentleness and humility. There is a noble satisfaction in those victories, which, at the bidding of principle, or by the power of self-command, may have been achieved over the propensities of animal nature. There is an elate independence of soul, in the consciousness of having nothing to hide, and nothing to be ashamed of. In a word, by the constitution of our nature, each virtue has its appropriate charm; and virtue, on the whole, is a fund of varied, as well as of perpetual enjoyment, to him who hath imbibed its spirit, and is under the guidance of its principles. He feels all to be health and harmony within; and without he seems as if to breathe in an atmosphere of beauteous transparency - proving how much the nature of man and the nature of virtue are in unison with each other. It is hunger which urges to the use of food; but it strikingly demonstrates the care and benevolence of God, so to have framed the organ of taste, as that there shall be a superadded enjoyment in the use of it. It is conscience that urges to the practice of virtue; but it serves to enhance the proof of a moral (purpose, and therefore of a moral) character in God, so to have framed our mental economy, that, in addition to the felt obligation of its rightness, virtue should of itself, be so regaling to the taste of the inner man.

Chalmers.

NATURE is the system of laws by which the Almighty governs the universe.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

How happily, how happily the flowers die away!
Oh, could we but return to earth as easily as they!
Just live a life of sunshine, of innocence and bloom,
Then drop, without decrepitude or pain, into the tomb!

- The gay and glorious creatures! they neither "toil nor spin;"
- Yet, lo! what goodly raiment they are all apparell'd in:
- No tears are on their beauty, but dewy gems more bright
- Than ever brow of Eastern queen endiadem'd with light.
- The young, rejoicing creatures! their pleasures never pall;
- Nor lose in sweet contentment, because so free to all!

The dew, the showers, the sunshine, the balmy blessed air,

Spend nothing of their freshness, though all may freely share.

The happy careless creatures! of time they take no heed;

Nor weary of his creeping, nor tremble at his speed; Nor sigh with sick impatience, and wish the light away;

Nor when 'tis gone, cry dolefully, " Would God that it were day!"

And when their lives are over, they drop away to rest,

Unconscious of the penal doom, on holy Nature's breast;

No pain have they in dying — no shrinking from decay —

Oh! could we but return to earth as easily as they!

Miss C. Bowles.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

THE Atmosphere is an element which we cannot see, but which we feel investing us wherever we go; whose density we can measure to a certain height; whose purity is essential to existence; whose elastic pressure on the lungs, and on and around the frame, preserves man in that noble attitude which lifts his head towards the skies, and bids him seek there for an eternal home. The atmosphere is neither an evaporation from earth nor sea, but a separate element, bound to the globe, and perpetually accompanying it in its motions round the sun. Can we, for an instant, imagine that we are indebted for the atmosphere only to some fortuitous accident? there were no atmosphere, and if we could possibly exist without one, we should be unable to hear the sound of the most powerful artillery, even though it were discharged at the distance of a single pace. We should be deprived of the music of the sea, the minstrelsy of the woods, of all the artificial combinations of sweet sounds, and of the fascinating tones of the human voice itself. We might make our wants and our feelings perceptible to each other, by signs and gesticulations, but the tongue would be condemned to irremediable silence. The deliberations of assemblies of men, from which laws and the order of society have emanated, could never have taken place. The tribes of mankind would wander over the earth in savage groups, incapable of civilisation, and the only arts which they could ever know would be those alone that might enable them to destroy each other.

Anonymous.

It was not the frost of winter that chilled her — nor was it the heat of summer that withered her — it was the power of her virtue, her humility, and her truth, that ascending into heaven, moved the Eternal Father to call her to Himself, seeing that this miserable life was not worthy anything so fair, so excellent.

Dante.

FEAR.

Some, for fear of want, Want all their lives; and others every day, For fear of dying, suffer worse than death. Ah! from your bosoms banish, if you can, That fatal guest, I mean the demon, Fear, That trembles at impossible events, Lest aged Atlas should resign his load, And Heaven's eternal battlements rush down. Is there an evil worse than fear itself? And what avails it, that indulgent Heaven From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come, If we, ingenious to torment ourselves, Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own? Enjoy the present, nor with needless cares Of what may spring from blind Misfortune's womb, Appal the surest hour that life bestows; Serene and master of yourself prepare For what may come, and leave the rest to heaven. ∠rmstrong.

.

C

THE POST.

THERE is, perhaps, no possible event that would cause so great a revolution in the state of modern society as the cessation of the post. A comet coming in collision with the earth could alone cause a greater shock to its inhabitants; it would shake nations to It would be a sort of imprisonment their centre. of the universal mind - a severing of the affections, and a congelation of thought. It would be building up a wall of partition between the hearts of mother and child, and husband and wife, and brother and It would raise Alps between the breasts of friend and friend; and quench, as with an ocean, the love that is now breathed out in all its glowing fervour, despite of time or place. What would be all the treasures of the world, or all its praise, to a feeling heart, if it could no longer pour out its fulness to its chosen friend, whom circumstances had removed afar off? What could solace the husband

or the father, during his indispensable absence from the wife of his affections, or the child of his love, if he had no means of assuring them of his welfare and his unalterable love; and what could console him, could he not be informed of theirs? Life, in such circumstances, would be worse than a blank; it would be death to the soul, but death without its forgetfulness. Write soon—pray do write soon and often—are among the last words we breathe into the ear of those we love, while we grasp the hand, and look into the eye that will soon be far from us. What other consolation or hope is left us, when the rumbling wheel, or the swelling sail, is bearing that beloved being far from us, while we stand fixed to the spot where that object uttered its last adieu?

If ever mortal deserved a monument to perpetuate his memory, it was the inventor of writing (what are the claims of kings or conquerors in the comparison?) it is the next best gift to life itself, and, deprived of it, life would hardly be worth the possessing: it is truly like the air we breathe; if we have it not we die. The best enjoyments of being emanate from this divine art: it pours the brightest sunshine that illumines the desolate path of life; without it, the gift of genius would be bestowed in vain, and talent

would expire unseen and unenjoyed, like the bright flowers of an uninhabited region. And without the medium of communication by the post, even this world would be divested of half its advantages; with a cheapness that no other mode can compete with, a swiftness that none else can rival, and a certainty and dependence that no other can offer, it presents the finest instance of communication between men that the world has ever witnessed. Crowned heads, and the nobles of the land, might, indeed, send their communications by messengers, or couriers, but these would hardly be available for the merchant, and not at all for the tradesman or artizan. But now we can receive the most needful intelligence, or the kindest effusions of regard, from a distance of nearly three hundred miles, for almost nothing; and, in four or five days, a letter may be despatched, and an answer received, from the metropolis to the Land's End in Cornwall.

I never see the mail flying along the road, with its lamps gleaming through the darkness, and its horn breaking the stillness of midnight, but I think of the thousand intense interests that are conveyed in its packages. The timely assistance which it is conveying to solace, and perhaps to save, the distressed—

the pleadings of love, the outpourings of friendship, and the supplications of despair—the joys and the sorrows of the heart, are all going to their respective destinations, to carry peace or hope, succour or sympathy, to the bosoms that need them. To some it will terminate a suspense worse than death. To whole families, deprived of the means of existence, it will carry plenty and peace. It oft makes whole the breaking heart, revives the sinking spirit, and illumes the haggard eye; and, if it do convey some sad intelligence, it is that which must be known, and is always better known than feared.

The post is the most perfect system of intercourse that has ever been devised — it scatters wealth and happiness in a thousand directions. No place is too distant for it to reach — no village too insignificant for it to visit. Like the sun, dispensing delight, it goes its daily journey. The heats of summer, and the cold of winter, are not allowed to intercept or retard it. In spite of Malthus, and all the economists, it carries on the important business of courtship, and leads to matrimony, whether for better or worse. It solaces the lover's sorrow, and transmits hope through many a cruel league. The bashful bachelor, who has not courage to make a personal declaration, may

do it through the medium of the post; nay, if he prefers it, he may even put the last question itself into the hands of the postman. It assists to bind society in one common union, for who would emigrate to a region where it could not reach? It is better than the gold mines of Peru; and, like the Nile in Egypt, it scatters blessings along its track; and deserves to be considered as one of the most happy and distinguishing features of modern times.

Anonymous.

As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection.

Washington Irving.

THE VILLAGE SPIRE.

THERE is a landmark to the traveller's eye,— Hope's constant symbol pointing to the sky,-The village spire, above the trees that throw Their mournful shadow o'er the graves below. And well the eye long used to other lands Recalls again the valley where it stands, The green hill-side, the hedge-row, and the lane, The meadow-stream, meandering through the plain, Spann'd by the bridge, where meets the village maid Her rustic lover in the evening shade. All these, with their soft colouring warm and true, The wanderer's faithful memory can renew; Nor time, nor change, nor distance, can impair This lovely landscape, ever green and fair. 'Tis for the village spire the school-boy looks, Returning home from masters, and from books, To gambol half his classic lore away, Through the bright summer's jocund holiday.

'Tis for the village spire the maiden sighs,
While gazing fondly with her tearful eyes,
She sees it gleaming through the twilight gloom,
When first her footsteps leave her native home.
'Tis for the village spire the exile burns,
With yearning bosom, as remembrance turns
To all he was, and all he might have been,
Had he remain'd as simple as that scene.
Nor looks the eye of faith unheeding there,
Upon that beacon rising high and clear,
Pointing from out the grovelling things of earth,
To that bright realm where sorrow ne'er had birth.

Mrs. Ellis.

A FULL mind takes away the body's appetite, no less than a full body makes a dull and unwieldy mind.

Bishop Hall.

LONDON AND COUNTRY CHURCHYARDS.

A London churchyard is at any time, crowded as it is, a most forlorn place, so utterly abandoned by the living, and as much as may be shut out from sight, as if we were ashamed of them, and compensated by a long neglect of the undertaker's one expensive And who does not, while in life, encourage parade. the idea of resting in the grave? But in these receptacles there can be, fancy assures us, no rest, night nor day. The incessant noise of carriages that pass them in their speed of pleasure or business; the full tide and roar of life, that never stops to remember one inhabitant of all the tombs, that ring with the chariot wheels of universal neglect, rattling on to the feast or show - and the dampness of the fog that settles on, or broods over them in the twilight of a November day, and the chill and rains of wintry nights, so sadly contrasted with the low debasing riot of life, and wickedness of lanes around them, all these

seem to rob death of its repose, and even of its respect, and the grave-tenants of their respectability. No, I am weak enough to abhor such sepulture. I must contemplate the outward scene of my last home - and how few there are that do not? - let it be where the grass grows not rank and black, amid the broken pots and pans, and refuse cast from decaying windows - but where the grass grows on which the sun shines, and a flower may spring up from the fresh earth, returning modest thanks as an offering, even from the dead, for the blessing of showers and dews of heaven - where, if there be pride, it shows not its offensive arrogant air, but the aristocratic and humble monuments bear a family relation to each other, claiming clanship in death; where the daily frequented path yet keeps friendly fellowship with the living, and where graves are not unvisited; where graves look sensible of a Sabbath and Sabbath care, and villagers' talk - where the Sunday congregation, not hastening out with all speed, as from an odious place, love to linger; and there is homely courtesy, and better than everyday thoughts put on with Sunday clothes. Where a friend may freely come and cheat his fancy, and give breathing to his affection, without having to seek

.

sexton or beadle for keys, and a permission to be paid for. Not too gay for sorrow, nor too sad for love; but where there may be an indwelling sanctity that may hallow both; whence sorrow might receive comfort; and love, trust; where there is a sweet green shade for the tales of the young, and a lingering sunshine upon many a sod, to rest the aged as they sit, not unthankful that beneath their feet is the same home that will receive them, as it has received their kindred before them. Such is a scene of peace. Here the living may hope to "sleep with their fathers."

Anonymous.

THE worthiest people are frequently attacked by slander; as we generally find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

VILLAGE BELLS.

THERE is in souls a sympathy with sounds, And as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleased With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave; Some chord in unison with what we hear Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies. How soft the music of those village bells, Falling at intervals upon the ear In cadence sweet, now dying all away, Now pealing loud again, and louder still, Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on! With easy force it opens all the cells Where memory slept. Wherever I have heard A kindred melody, the scene recurs, And with it all its pleasures and its pains. Such comprehensive views the spirit takes, That in a few short moments I retrace (As in a map the voyager his course) The windings of my way through many years.

Short as in retrospect the journey seems, It seem'd not always short; the rugged path And prospect oft so dreary and forlorn, Moved many a sigh at its disheartening length. Yet feeling present evils, while the past Faintly impress the mind, or not at all, How readily we wish time spent revoked That we might try the ground again, where once (Through inexperience as we now perceive) We miss'd that happiness we might have found! Some friend is gone, perhaps his son's best friend, A father, whose authority, in show When most severe, and mustering all its force, Was but the graver countenance of love: Whose favour, like the clouds of spring, might lower And utter now and then an awful voice, But had a blessing in its darkest frown, Threatening at once, and nourishing the plant. We loved, but not enough, the gentle hand, That rear'd us. At a thoughtless age, allured By every gilded folly, we renounced His sheltering side, and wilfully forewent That converse which we now in vain regret. How gladly would the man recall to life The boy's neglected sire! a mother too,

That softer friend, perhaps more gladly still,
Might he demand them at the gates of death.

Sorrow has, since they went, subdued and tamed
The playful humour; he could now endure,
(Himself grown sober in the vale of tears)
And feel a parent's presence no restraint.
But not to understand a treasure's worth,
Till time has stolen away the slighted good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is.
The few that pray at all pray oft amiss,
And, seeking grace to improve the prize they hold,
Would urge a wiser suit than asking more.

Cowper.

Too much reading, or too little meditation, produces the effect of a lamp inverted, which is extinguished by an excess of the very element which is meant to feed it.

THE QUARTERS OF LIFE.

THE seven ages of man have become proverbial; but in respect of the condition of our minds, there are granted to the best of us but four periods of life. The first fifteen years are childhood; we know nothing - we hope. The next fifteen are passion and romance - we dream. During the third period of fifteen years, from thirty to forty-five, we are what nature intended us to be. Character has formed; we pursue a course of life; we reason; we meditate. This is the period in which we may with most propriety be said to live. The fourth period is that of commencing decay. We may grow wiser, but it is the wisdom that speaks in a shake of the head. Pain and penitence begin — we sorrow, nevertheless if the third period has been passed in providing against the fourth, nature is changed, our declining years are lighted with happiness and love, and as they approach their destined end, instead of the

gloom naturally accompanying decay, they are tinged with a ray before them, the shadows are cast behind us on our path, feelings spring up, unfelt even in the magic periods first traversed by us—we rejoice.

Anonymous.

IDLENESS.

THE idle man is the devil's cushion, on which he taketh his free ease; who, as he is incapable of any good, so he is fitly disposed for all evil motions. The standing water soon stinketh; whereas the current ever keeps clear and cleanly, conveying down all noisome matter that might infect it by the force of his stream. If I do but little good to others by my endeavours, yet this is great good to me, that by my labour, I keep myself from hurt.

Bishop Hall.

HUMAN LIFE.

THE Lark has sung his carol in the sky;
The Bees have humm'd their noon-tide lullaby,
Still in the vale the village bells ring round
Still in Lewellen-hall the jests resound:
For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
The Babe, the sleeping image of his sire.

A few short years—and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sir-loin;
The ale, now brewed, in floods of amber shine:
And lurking in the chimney's ample blaze,
Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
"Twas on these knees he sat so oft and smiled."

And soon again shall music swell the breeze;
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
Vestures of nuptial white; and hymns be sung,
And violets scatter'd round, and old and young,
In every cottage-porch, with garland green,
Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene;
While, her dark eyes declining, by his side
Moves in her virgin-veil the gentle bride.

And once, alas! not in a distant hour,
Another voice shall come from yonder tower;
When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
And weepings heard where only joy had been,
When by his children borne, and from his door
Slowly departing to return no more,
He rests in holy earth with them that went before.

And such is Human Life; so gliding on, It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!

Samuel Rogers.

THEY who think a crown sits easily, little know of what metal it is made.

LOVE OF CHILDREN.

Tell me not of the trim, precisely arranged homes, where there are no children; "where," as the good German has it, "the fly-traps always hang straight on the wall"; tell me not of the never-disturbed nights and days; of the tranquil, unanxious hearts, where children are not! I care not for these things. God sends children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race—to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims, and to call out all our faculties to extended enterprise and exertion; to bring round our fire-side bright faces and happy smiles, and loving tender hearts. My soul blesses the Great Father every day that He has gladdened the earth with little children.

Mary Howitt.

MAN.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august, How complicate, how wonderful is man! How passing wonder He who made him such! Who centred in our make such strange extremes! From different natures marvellously mix'd, Connexion exquisite of distant worlds! Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain! Midway from nothing to the Deity! A beam etherial, sullied and absorb'd! Though sullied and dishonour'd, still divine! Dim miniature of greatness absolute! An heir of glory! a frail child of dust! Helpless immortal! insect infinite! A worm! a god! I tremble at myself, And in myself am lost! At home a stranger, Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast, And wondering at her own: how reason reels! Oh, what a miracle to man is man,

Triumphantly distress'd! what joy, what dread!
Alternately transported and alarm'd!
What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.
'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof,
While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spreads.
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy field; or mourn'd along the gloom
Of pathless woods; or, down the craggy steep
Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool;
Or scaled the cliff; or danced on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her
nature

Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
Active, aërial, towering, unconfined,
Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall.
Even silent night proclaims my soul immortal:
Even silent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal, Heaven husbands all events;
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

Young.

MOURNING.

A French writer gives a neat summary of the different observances among mankind relative to mourning and funeral ceremonies. All the world, says he, is acquainted with the magnificence of the Roman obsequies and funeral games. The Greeks also burnt the corpses of distinguished individuals, with funeral feasts, and the lamentations of hired weepers, though they generally displayed a less sumptuous grief, and a better regulated piety. The Persians buried the bodies of the dead, and the Scythians ate them; the Indians enveloped them, for preservation's sake, in a sort of lacker; and the Egyptians embalmed and dried them, exhibited them on festival days, placed them at the table among their guests, guarded them as their most precious possessions, and lent and borrowed money upon these strange pledges. In our time, the custom of dancing at funerals is only practised in India and other savage nations; but funeral entertainments still prevail in many European countries. Among others, the ceremony of interment is solemn and silent, which nevertheless does not interfere with the wish that all may be forgotten as speedily as possible. We observe more ostentatious rites for persons of consequence; their carriages follow them to the grave, and sometimes their horse is paraded, which, having been made to fast, seems to partake of the affliction of the occasion. The Orientals. from whom we borrowed this custom, went further; - they made the horses in funeral processions weep, by blowing a particular powder up their nostrils! In Italy, the mourning was formerly white for women, and brown for men; in China it is white; in Turkey, Syria, and America, it is blue; in Egypt, yellow: in Ethiopia, grey. Each of these colours had originally its mystical signification. White is the emblem of purity; celestial blue indicates the space where the soul ranges after death; yellow, or the tinge of dead leaves, exhibits death as the end of all human hope, and men falling like the leaf of Autumn; grey presents the colour of the earth, our common mother; and black, the funeral costume now adopted throughout Europe, is an allusion to the eternal night. In England, the king never wears black; he is clothed in red, as mourning. Till the reign of Charles VIII., white was the funeral garb in France. The emperor Leopold, who died in 1575, used to suffer his beard to grow in disorder the whole period of mourning. In this he imitated the Jews. The dowager empresses never left off weeds, and their apartments were hung with black till their death.

The chancellor of France is the only person in the kingdom who never wears mourning. The brothers, nephews, and cousins of Popes never wear it. The happiness of having a Pope in the family, is too great to allow them to be afflicted even by his death.

But the most remarkable of all the usages is, perhaps, that of the people of those ancient nations who dressed themselves as women when they lost their relatives, in order, it is said, that the ridicule attached to their vestments might make them ashamed of their grief.

Anonymous.

FRIENDS.

FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards to expire.

There is a world above,

Where parting is unknown,

A whole eternity of love,

Form'd for the good alone,

And faith beholds the dying here, Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,

Till all are pass'd away,

As morning high and higher shines,

To pure and perfect day;

Nor sink those stars in empty night,

They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

Montgomery.

GOOD MANAGEMENT.

It is no small commendation to manage a little well. He is a good waggoner that can turn in a little room. To live well in abundance is the praise of the estate, not of the person. I will study more how to give a good account of my little, than how to make it more.

Bishop Hall.

THE CHARMS OF ASSOCIATION.

The charm of association softened the rugged bosom of Johnson, in many features of character resembling Warburton. In one of his visits to Lichfield, he discovered a rail over which he jumped when a boy, and leaped over it again with exceeding delight. Pope's regard for an old doorpost, remembered in childhood, would scarcely have glowed into so warm a flame of enthusiasm: the feeling is not new to our nature. Seneca visited with reverence the house of Scipio in the woods of Linternum; and Pausanias saw not without emotion the dwelling of Pindar. They who are insensible to other lofty feelings, yet respect the sacredness of genius. The painting-room of Titian is preserved in the same condition in which he left it. The house in which Hooker wrote his Ecclesiastical Polity can never become common ground. Adam Clarke wore a piece of the rock of Horeb about his neck, suspended by a silver chain.

The telescope of Newton, in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, is an appeal on behalf of sacred The chair in which Wickliffe was carried science. home in his last sickness, and the table on which he probably completed his translation of the Bible, are preserved at Lutterworth, and stimulate the heart of every thoughtful beholder to follow the good example of the great Reformer. "The sight of a place in which we have been happy or unhappy," says Beattie, "renews the thoughts and the feelings which we formerly experienced there." With what rapture do we visit the scenes of our childhood and our youth; we love to brush the dew from the grassy haunts of Chaucer, at Woodstock; to wander along the glimmering lanes of Horton, where Milton walked with contemplation; to suspend the dashing oar when we glide, in the moonlight, by the tomb of Thompson; to meditate in the house at Huntingdon, in fancy (for it is now destroyed) where Dryden inscribed, with a diamond, upon a pane of glass the first lines of his Virgil. The graves of Stoke, that dimmed the eyes of Gray, contrive to bring tears into our own. The banks of the Jed derive a fresher bloom from the early footsteps of Thompson, and Nubersland recalls the magnificence of his winter storm. Pope

saunters before us down the verdant alleys of Windsor Forest. The garden of Shenstone blooms to the eye of memory in the fields of Hales Owen. We live with Wordsworth amid the scenery of Rydal, and hear the clear stream of the Greta tinkling over pebbles while we recline under the palm trees of Thalaba.

Anonymous.

THERE is in every human heart,
Some not completely barren part,
Where seeds of love and truth might grow,
And flowers of generous virtue blow:
To plant, to watch, to water these,
This be our duty, this our care.

THE OLD FARM GATE.

Where, where is the gate that once served to divide
The elm-shaded lane from the dusty road-side?
I like not this barrier gaily bedight,
With its glittering latch, and its trellis of white.
It is seemly, I own — yet, oh! dearer by far
Was the red-rusted hinge, and the weather-warp'd
bar.

Here are fashion and form of a modernized date, But I'd rather have look'd on the old farm gate.

'Twas here where the urchins would gather and play In the shadows of twilight or sunny mid-day; For the stream running nigh, and the hillocks of sand,

Were temptations no dirt-loving rogue could withstand.

But to swing on the gate rails, to clamber and ride, Was the utmost of pleasure, of glory and pride; And the car of the victor or carriage of state Never carried such hearts as the old farm gate.

"Twas here where the miller's son paced to and fro, (When the moon was above and the glow-worm below)

Now pensively leaning, now twirling his stick, While the moments grew long, and his heart-throb grew quick,

Why, why did he linger so restlessly there, With church-going vestment and sprucely comb'd hair?

He loved, oh! he loved, and had promised to wait For the one he adored, at the old farm gate.

Twas here where the grey-headed gossips would meet,

And the falling of markets, or goodness of wheat —
This field lying fallow — that heifer just bought —
Were favourite themes for discussion and thought;
The merits and faults of a neighbour just dead —
The hopes of a couple about to be wed;
The Parliament doings — the bill and debate,
Were all canvass'd and weigh'd at the old farm gate.

'Twas over the gate I taught Pincher to bound

With the strength of a steed, and the grace of a

hound;

The beagle might hunt, and the spaniel might swim, But none could leap over that postern like him.

When Dobbin was saddled for mirth-making trip,

And the quickly-pull'd willow-branch served for a whip,

Spite of hugging and tugging he'd stand for his freight,

While I climbed on his back from the old farm gate.

'Tis well to pass portals where pleasure and fame

May come winging our moments and gilding our

name;

But give me the joy and the freshness of mind,

When, away on some sport, — the old gate slamm'd behind;

I've listen'd to music, but none that could speak

In such tones to my heart as the teeth-setting creak

That broke on my ear when the night had worn late.

And the dear ones came home through the old farm gate.

Oh! fair is the barrier taking its place;
But it darkens a picture my soul longed to trace.
I sigh to behold the rough staple and hasp
And the rails that my growing hand scarcely could clasp,

Oh! how strangely the warm spirit grudges to part With the commonest relic once link'd to the heart; And the brightest of fortune — the kindliest fate — Would not banish my love for the old farm gate!

Eliza Cook.

I SEE in this world two heaps of human happiness and misery. Now, if I can take the smallest bit from one heap, and add to the other, I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child has dropped a halfpenny, and if, by giving it another, I can wipe away its tears, I feel I have done something; I should be glad indeed to do greater things, but I will not neglect this.

Rev. John Newton.

AUTUMNAL REFLECTIONS.

When a man is quietly journeying downwards into the valley of the shadow of departed youth, and begins to contemplate in a shortened perspective the end of his pilgrimage, he becomes more solicitous than ever that the remainder of his wayfaring should be smooth and pleasant, and the evening of his life, like the evening of a summer's day, fade away in mild uninterrupted serenity. If haply his heart has escaped, uninjured, through the dangers of a seductive world, it may then administer to the purest of his felicities, and its chords vibrate more musically for the trials they have sustained — like the viol, which yields a melody sweet in proportion to its age.

To a mind thus temperately harmonized, thus matured and mellowed by a long lapse of years, there is something truly congenial in the quiet enjoyment of our early autumn, amid the tranquillities of the country. There is a sober and chastened air of gaiety diffused over the face of nature, peculiarly interesting to an old man; and when he views the surrounding landscape withering under his eye, it seems as if he and nature were taking a last farewell of each other, and parting with a melancholy smile—like a couple of old friends, who having sported away the spring and summer of life together, part at the approach of winter with a kind of prophetic fear that they are never to meet again.

There are many features peculiar to our Autumn, and which give it an individual character: the "green and yellow melancholy" that first steals over the landscape—the mild and steady serenity of the weather, and the transparent purity of the atmosphere, speak not merely to the senses, but to the heart,—it is the season of liberal emotions. To this succeeds fantastic gaiety, a motley dress, which the woods assume, where green and yellow, orange, purple, crimson, and scarlet, are whimsically blended together. A sickly splendour this!—like the wild and broken-hearted gaiety that sometimes precedes dissolution, or that childish sportiveness of super-

annuated age, proceeding, not from a vigorous flow of animal spirits, but from the decay and imbecility of the mind. We might, perhaps, be deceived by this gaudy garb of nature, were it not for the rustling of the falling leaf, which, breaking on the stillness of the scene, seems to announce in prophetic whispers the dreary winter that is approaching. When I have sometimes seen a thrifty young oak changing its hue of sturdy vigour for a bright but transient glow of red, it has recalled to my mind the treacherous bloom that once mantled the cheek of a friend who is now no more; and which, while it seemed to promise a long life of jocund spirits, was the sure precursor of a premature decay. In a little while, and this ostentatious foliage disappears — the close of autumn leaves but one wide expanse of dusky brown, save where some rivulet steals along, bordered with little stripes of green grass - the woodland echoes no more to the carols of the feathered tribes that sported in the leafy covert; and its solitude and silence are uninterrupted except by the plaintive whistle of the quail, the barking of the squirrel, or the still more melancholy wintry wind, which, rushing and swelling through the hollows of the mountains, sighs through the leafless branches

of the grove, and seems to mourn the desolation of the year.

To one who, like myself, is fond of drawing comparisons between the different divisions of life and those of the seasons, there will appear a striking analogy which connects the feelings of the aged with the decline of the year. Often as I contemplate the mild, uniform, and genial lustre with which the sun cheers and invigorates us in the month of October, and the almost imperceptible haze which, without obscuring, tempers all the asperities of the landscape, and gives to every object a character of stillness and repose, I cannot help comparing it with that portion of existence, when the spring of youthful hope, and the summer of the passions having gone by, reason assumes an undisputed sway, and lights us on with bright but undazzling lustre, adown the hill of life. There is a full and mature luxuriance in the fields that fills the bosom with generous and disinterested It is not the thoughtless extravagance of content. Spring, prodigal only in blossoms, nor the languid voluptuousness of Summer, feverish in its enjoyments, and teeming only with immature abundance - it is that certain fruition of the labours of the past — that prospect of comfortable realities, which

those will be sure to enjoy who have improved the bounteous smiles of heaven, nor wasted away their Spring and Summer in empty trifling or criminal indulgence.

Washington Irving.

FALSE friends are like the shade of a sun-dial, which appears when the sky is serene, and which hides itself when it is cloudy.

FLATTERY is like the smoke of the incense — it defiles the object it pretends to adore.

It is generally the fate of a double-dealer to lose his friends and keep his enemies.

TO DAFFODILLS.

FAIR Daffodills, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;

As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along!

We have short time to stay, like you;
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you, or any thing.

We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

Herrick.

STILLEST streams
Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least is longest on the wing.

VERY excellent men excel in different ways; the most radiant stones may differ in colour when they do not in value.

A WOODEN RUIN.

A MODERN wooden ruin is of itself the least interesting, and, at the same time, the most depressing object imaginable. The massive structures of antiquity that are everywhere to be met with in Europe, exhibit the remains of great strength, and, though injured and defaced by the slow and almost imperceptible agency of time, promise to continue thus mutilated for ages to come. They awaken the images of departed generations, and are sanctified by legend and by tale. But a wooden ruin shows rank and rapid decay, concentrates its interest on one family, or one man, and resembles a mangled corpse, rather than the monument that covers it. no historical importance, no ancestral record. awakens not the imagination. The poet finds no inspiration in it, and the antiquary no interest. speaks only of death and decay, of recent calamity, and vegetable decomposition. The very air about it is close, dank, and unwholesome. It has no grace, no strength, no beauty, but looks deformed, gross and repulsive.

Halliburton.

And yet perhaps 'tis best
That she should die with all the sunshine on her,
And all the benedictions of the morning,
Before this affluence of golden light
Shall fade into a cold and clouded gray,
Then into darkness.

Longfellow.

The veil which covers from our sight the events of succeeding years, is a veil woven by the hand of mercy.

CONSOLATION.

The loved, but not the lost!

Oh, no! they have not ceased to be,

Nor live alone in memory.

'Tis we who still are toss'd

O'er life's wild sea,—'tis we who die;

They only live, whose life is immortality.

The loved, but not the lost!

Why should our ceaseless tears be shed
O'er the cold turf that wraps the dead,
As if their names were cross'd
From out the Book of Life? Ah, no!—
'Tis we who scarcely live, who linger here below.

The loved, but not the lost!

In heaven's own panoply array'd,
They met the conflict undismay'd,
They counted well the cost

Of battle — now their crown is won,

Our sword is scarce unsheath'd, — our warfare just
begun.

Have they not pass'd away

From all that dims the tearful eye,

From all that makes the ceaseless sigh;

From all the pangs that prey

On the bereaved heart, and most

What conscience dares not say,—"The loved, but

not the lost!"

This is the woe of woes!

The one o'er-mastering agony;

To watch the sleep of those who die,

And feel 'tis not repose.

But they who join the heavenly host,

Why should we mourn for them, — the loved, but not the lost?

The spirit was but born,

The soul unfetter'd, when they fled

From earth, the living — not the dead,

Then, wherefore, should we mourn?

We, the wan-driven, the tempest-toss'd,

When shall we be with them, — the loved, but not the lost?

Dale.

THE COURSE OF THE THAMES.

WITHIN two miles of Circucester is the source of the Thames — a clear fountain, in a little rocky dell, known by the name of Thames Head. This is the little infantine stream - so great a giant when it arrives at its full growth. What reflections we might make upon human affairs in general, from the mere sight of this oozing well; what a homily we might preach upon this text-the small beginnings of great things, and what encouragement might be held out to humble genius from it. Truly, the course of a river bears no bad comparison with the career of an able man, who makes his own fortune in the world. How slight is his beginning! Yet, how full of confidence he runs on in his career, dashing over some obstacles, and turning round others - obliged to take a tortuous course, that his waters may not be changed into an inland lake, or be dispersed in ponds over a marshy country; and that he may arrive at the sea

of death, whither he must come at last, with a wealthy and powerful name! See, too, how he gathers tribute as he passes - how smaller minds bear homage unto his, and are content to obey his impulses, and run with him in a mingled stream! See, too, how by his well-acquired wealth he increases the wealth of others - how by the judicious distribution of his capital, he affords employment, and consequent profit, to thousands. Thus we have seen our Thames: here he is a little child at play, crawling timidly about, and ignorant of his own strength; by and by, he becomes able to walk alone, as at Lechlade, where he is first navigable. Still gaining strength, and increasing in stature, he becomes like a boy, lingering in quiet nooks, and in woody places, and leading a happy life of it. Next we have him at Oxford, a youth at College — his mind filled with reminiscences of antiquity, and assuming a classical name which does not belong to him, half for frolic and half for ambition. Next, emancipated from college, we have him turning courtier at Windsor - dallying in the consciousness of his youthful grace to gain a smile from royalty, and push his fortune in the world by means of royal favour. This he soon discovers is an idle fancy; and his good sense tells him to trust to

his own strength for success, and to make himself useful to the world at large, and not a mere hangeron at a palace. He therefore quits the court, and deepening as he journeys on; his mind expands, as it were, while his physical strength increases. now makes himself a reputation - his character is known over the world - he becomes concerned in mercantile speculations, in which he is universally successful, and so full of probity, that traders from all parts of the world give him unlimited credit. They would as soon believe any monstrous improbability, as his failure or bankruptcy. Now he is rich indeed; and his house (which may be called all London) becomes the mart of the world, and thousands of merchant princes attend every day at his levee. He spreads wealth wherever he goes; and a whole population live by him. This is his prime of life — his busy period; and he goes on full of years and honour, till he is swallowed up in the dark ocean of death!

Mackay.

THE TRANSPLANTED FLOWER.

- OH! lone and languid flower, thou art taken from the glen,
- In a gay parterre thou bloomest, thou art watch'd by careful men,
- Bright sunbeams shine above thee, fair roses smile around,
- Yet thou droopest in the garden—it is not thy native ground.
- Thus oft are human flowers by officious hands removed,
- From shades of calm seclusion, from scenes and friends beloved,
- In gilded halls, and proud saloons, amid the great they roam,
- Yet they languish in their triumph for their dear and early home

From this sad and simple story a moral we may trace,

God gives to man and floweret a safe appointed place;

And the blossoms of the vale, and the lowly ones of earth

Ever flourish best and fairest in the sphere that gave them birth.

Mrs. Abdy.

THERE is a fire-fly in the southern clime, Which shineth only when upon the wing: So is it with the mind; when once it rests, It darkens.

An idler is a watch that wants both hands, As useless if it goes, as when it stands.

LIGHT.

THE phenomena of light and vision have always been held to constitute a most interesting branch of natural science; whether in regard to the beauty of light or its utility. The beauty is seen spread over a varied landscape - among the beds of the flowergardens - on the spangled meads - in the plumage of birds - in the clouds around the rising and setting sun — in the circles of the rainbow. And the utility may be judged of by the reflection, that had man been compelled to supply his wants by groping in utter and unchangeable darkness, even if originally created with all the knowledge now existing in the world, he could scarcely have secured his existence for one day. Indeed, the earth without light would have been an unfit abode even for grubs, generated and living always amidst their food. Eternal night would have been universal death. Light, then, while the beauteous garb of nature, clothing the garden and the meadow - glowing in the ruby - sparkling in the diamond - is also the absolutely necessary medium of communication between living creatures The rising sun is and the universe around them. what converts the wilderness of darkness, which night covered, and which to the young mind, not yet aware of the regularity of nature's changes, is so full of horror, into a visible and lovely paradise. wonder, then, if, in early ages of the world, man has often been seen bending the knee before the glorious luminary, and worshipping it as the God of Nature. When a mariner, who has been toiling in midnight gloom and tempest, at last perceives the dawn of day, or even the rising of the moon, the waves seem to him less lofty, the wind is only half as fierce; sweet hope beams on him with the light of heaven, and brings gladness to his heart. A man, wherever placed in light, receives by the eye from every object around - from hill and tree, and even a single leaf, nay, from every point in every object, and at every moment of time, a messenger of light to tell him what is there, and in what condition. Were he omnipresent, or had he the power of flitting from place to place with the speed of the wind, he could scarcely be more promptly informed. And even in many cases where distance intervenes not, light can impart at once knowledge, which, by any other conceivable means, could come only tediously, or not at all. For example, when the illuminated countenance is revealing the secret workings of the heart, the tongue would in vain try to speak, even in lofty phrases, what one smile of friendship or affection can in an instant convey; and had there been no light, man never could have been aware of the miniature worlds of life and activity which, even in a drop of water, the microscope discovers to him; nor could he have formed any idea of the admirable structure belonging to many minute objects.

Arnott.

Ignorance is a blank sheet on which we may write; but error is a scribbled one, which we must first erase.

THE HOMES OF BRITAIN.

CONTINENTAL travellers all acknowledge, that in Britain only are to be seen those charming country residences, which give us ideas of rural happiness, and fill the mind with thoughts of human life and human enjoyment, thus awakening the keenest interest and sympathy of which our hearts are capable. Even the most captivating scenery is to me almost like a blank sheet of paper, till it be written over with the actions or feelings, the history or poetry of other days; and as the loftiest mountain gains a new interest, if even the most insignificant living animal be seen on the surface; and the wide ocean itself is overlooked, while our most eager gaze rests on a distant vessel buffeting the breeze; so also the permanent abodes of men where families have successively lived and died, and where the joys and sorrows of life have been, or still are felt, afford subjects for reflection and thought not to be

Neither music, poetry, nor scenery, can exhausted. awaken permanent interest, without in some degree touching our sympathies. I seldom read books of Eastern travels, because they all seem filled with gold embroidery, dark eyes, fringe and chocolate; and I am wearied of savage countries, with tatooing, red feathers, hunting, and idolatry; but, as Madame de Stael says, "the homes of Great Britain are the best homes upon earth," and there, among hills and glens of surpassing beauty, we may imagine scenes of domestic felicity, such as can only be known in a civilised and in a Christian country, while every mountain and stream speaks of days long passed, and reminds us of the vanished generations, whose history, distinctly recorded in the memory, is so nearly connected with our own.

Catherine Sinclair.

Of all the virtues, gratitude has the shortest memory.

GIPSY CHILDREN.

EVEN the sun-burnt faces of the gipsy children, half naked though they be, suggest a thought of comfort! It is a pleasant thing to see that the sun has been there, and to know that the air and light are on them every day—to feel that they are children, and lead children's lives; that if their pillows be damp, it is with the dews of heaven, and not with tears—that their lives are spent, at least, among the waving trees, and not in the midst of dreadful engines, which make young children old before they know what childhood is, and give them the exhaustion and infirmities of age, without, like age, the privilege to die. God send, that old nursery tales were true, and that gipsies stole such children by the score!

Dickens.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I come, I come! — ye have call'd me long, —
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my steps o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South; and the chesnut flowers,

By thousands, have burst from the forest-bowers; And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes, Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains. But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom, To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have pass'd on the hills of the stormy North, And the larch has hung all his tassels forth, The fisher is out on the sunny sea, The rein-deer bounds through the pasture free, And the pine has a fringe of softer green, And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh, And call'd out each voice of the deep blue sky, From the night-bird's lay through the starry time, In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime, To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes, When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain; They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray on the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come! Where the violets lie may be now your home. Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye, And the bounding footstep, to meet me, fly, With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay: Come forth to the sunshine: I may not stay!

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men, The waters are sparkling in wood and glen; Away from the chamber and dusky hearth, The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth; Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains, And youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye!—ye are changed since ye met me last;
A shade of earth has been round you cast!
There is that come over your brow and eye
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die!
Ye smile!—but your smile hath a dimness yet—
Oh! what have ye look'd on since last we met?

Ye are changed, ye are changed! — and I see not here All whom I saw in the vanish'd year!

There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright, Which toss'd in the breeze with a play of light;

There were eyes, in whose glistening laughter lay

No faint remembrance of dull decay.

There were steps, that flew o'er the cowslip's head,
As if for a banquet all earth were spread;
There were voices that rung through the sapphire sky,
And had not a sound of mortality! [hills pass'd?
Are they gone? — is their mirth from the green
Ye have look'd on Death since ye met me last!

I know whence the shadow comes o'er ye now: Ye have strown the dust on the sunny brow! Ye have given the lovely to Earth's embrace; She hath taken the fairest of Beauty's race! With their laughing eyes and their festal crown, They are gone from amongst you in silence down!

They are gone from amongst you, the bright and fair;

Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair!
But I know of a world where there falls no blight:
I shall find them there with their eyes of light!—
Where Death, midst the blooms of the morn, may dwell,

I tarry no longer: - farewell, farewell!

The summer is hastening, on soft winds borne:
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn!
For me, I depart to a brighter shore:
Ye are mark'd by care, ye are mine no more;
I go where the loved, who have left you, dwell,
And the flowers are not Death: — fare ye well,
farewell!

Mrs. Hemans.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

This leaf teaches a lesson. Its usefulness does not end with its life. When I cast it on the ground it will not be lost. It enriches the soil. Autumn feeds spring. The withered leaves help to bring forth the green. Here is my admonition. Minutes are the leaves of life. The decay of one year is the foliage of the next. I have been deeply impressed with a late writer's sublime parable of a man shut up in a fortress, under sentence of perpetual imprisonment, and obliged to draw water from a reservoir which he may not see, but into which no fresh stream is ever to be poured. How much it contains he cannot tell. He knows the quantity is not great; it may be extremely small. His imprisonment having been long, he has already drawn out a considerable supply. The diminution increases daily; and how, it is asked, "would he feel each time of drawing and each time of drinking it?" Not as if he had a perennial spring to go to; "I have a reservoir; I may be at my ease." No; "I had water yesterday, I have water to-day; but my having had it yesterday, and my having it to-day, is the very cause that I shall not have it on some day that is approaching."

Surely this is a beautiful image, and true as it is beautiful. It is no violent metaphor to represent life as a fortress, and man a prisoner within its gate. Time is the dark reservoir from which he drinks; but he cannot descend to examine its depth or its quantity. He draws his supply from a fountain fed by invisible pipes. Nay, we do not often see the fountain. We conceal it with thick trees; we strive to hide Time. Still, if we would linger by it for a moment, we might discover a sad difference between the flow of the water at different seasons of the human year. In Spring and Summer - our childhood and early youth — the sunshine of hope silvers every drop; and if we look into the stream, the voice of some fair spirit might almost be heard speaking to us from the crystal shrine. In Autumn and Winter days - our mature manhood and old age - the fountain pours a more languid and dark current. But the thing to be remembered, in Spring, Summer,

Autumn, and Winter, is, that the reservoir which feeds the fountain is being exhausted. Every drop that fell in our sunniest days lessened the water that remains. We had life yesterday, and we have life to-day; the probability, the certainty is, that we shall not have it on some day that is approaching. It strikes a chill to the heart, to think that the reservoir may not contain enough water to supply the prisoner in life's dungeon for another week.

Rev. R. A. Willmott.

COMPENSATION.

THE lesson of compensation is taught by the humming of flies along the hedges. The flutterer of a day has no reason to complain of the shortness of its life. It was a thought of Malebranche, that the ephemera may regard a minute as we look upon a year. The delusion is its recompense.

Rev. R. A. Willmott.

A THOUGHT ON DEATH.

When life as opening buds is sweet,
And golden hopes the spirit greet,
And youth prepares his joys to meet,
Alas! how hard it is to die!

When scarce is seized some valued prize,
And duties press, and tender ties
Forbid the soul from earth to rise,
How awful then it is to die!

When, one by one, these ties are torn,
And friend from friend is snatch'd forlorn,
And man is left alone to mourn,

Ah! then how easy 'tis to die!

When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
And films, slow gathering, dim the sight,
And clouds obscure the mental light,
'Tis nature's precious boon to die!

When faith is strong, and conscience clear,
And words of peace the spirit cheer,
And vision'd glories half appear,
"Tis joy, 'tis triumph, then to die!

Mrs. Barbauld.

TRIFLES AFFECTING HAPPINESS.

THE road to home-happiness lies over small steppingstones. Slight circumstances are the stumbling-blocks of families. The prick of a pin, says a proverb collected by Fuller, is enough to make an empire insipid. The tenderer the feelings are, the painfuller is the wound. A cold, unkind word checks and withers the blossom of the dearest love, as the most delicate rings of the vine are troubled by the faintest breeze The misery of a life is born of some chance observa-If the true history of quarrels, public and private, were honestly written, it would be silenced by an uproar of derision. The retainers of a Norman monastery fought and hated one another, during a hundred and forty years, for the right of hunting rabbits. Rev. R. A. Willmott.

THE STAGES OF HUMAN LIFE.

Behold the child whom you lately fondled in your arms, now contending with his play-fellows in boyish sports! Again-observe him who lately returned from school, with his satchel in his hand, now panting foremost in the chace! And now see manhood stamped upon the downy cheek! Let us likewise remember the equally gradual declension. At length the sturdy son supports his feeble sire! For he who in his youth was swiftest in the race, is now scarcely able to uphold his tottering limbs. The man of war, whose sturdy arm wielded the blood-thirsting sword of battle, is now bending under the weight of his own body. Behold his sinews are dried up, and the purple current that bounded in his veins, now heavily and scarcely creeps along! In every part alike the powers of this wonderful machine decay. The teeth, designed both for use and ornament, robbed of their beautiful enamel, become, unsightly,

and drop out of their sockets. The penetrating eye, that searched into the very abyss of thought, is altogether useless, or but dimly discerns the rays of light. Manly fortitude is now no more, and wisdom itself retires from the decayed mansion.

Dr. Hugh Smith.

THE CHRISTIAN HEART.

As a watch, though tossed up and down by the agitation of him who carries it, does not, on that account, undergo any perturbation or disorder in the working of the spring or wheels within; so the true Christian heart, however shaken by the joltings it meets with in the pressure and tumult of the world, suffers no derangement in the adjustment and action of its machinery. The hand still points to eternity.

Rev. R. A. Willmott.

THE BEAUTIES OF VEGETATION.

I have often been surprised to find those who possessed a very acute sensibility of artificial or literary grace, and were powerfully affected by the beauties of a poem, a piece of sculpture, or painting, not at all more sensible of the charms of a tree or a floweret than a common and inelegant spectator. This is certainly the effect of a superficial judgment! for there is no truth of which philosophers have been longer convinced, than that the realities of Nature infinitely exceed the most perfect productions of imitating art.

Defects are always discovered in works of art when they are examined with a microscope; but a close examination of a leaf or a flower is like taking off a veil from the face of beauty. The finest needle ever polished, and pointed by the most ingenious artist, appears, when it is viewed by the solar microscope, quite blunt; while the sting of a bee, however

magnified, still retains all its original acuteness of termination. The serrated border of the petal of a flower, and the fringe on the wing of a fly, display an accuracy of delineation which no pencil ever yet could rival. The taste of the florist has not, indeed, been much admired, or generally aspired at; while that of the connoisseur in painting is considered as a mark of elegance of character, and an honourable distinction; yet surely it is an inconsistency to be transported with the workmanship of a poor mortal, and feel no raptures in surveying those highly finished pictures in which it is easy to trace the finger of the Deity.

Rev. V. Knox.

As the light leaf, whose fall to ruin bears
Some trembling insect's little world of cares,
Descends in silence, while around waves on
The mighty forest, reckless what is gone;
Such is man's doom, and ere the autumn's flown—
Start not, thou trifler! such may be thine own.

Mrs. Hemans.

BURIAL AT SEA.

From his room to the deck they brought him drest For his funeral rites at his own request, With his boots, and stock, and garments on, And nought but the breathing spirit gone; For he wished a child might come and lay An unstartled hand upon his clay. Then they wrapp'd his corse in the tarry sheet, To the dead, as Araby's spices sweet, And prepared him to seek the depths below, Where waves never beat, nor tempests blow. No steeds with their nodding plumes were here, No sabled hearse, and no coffin'd bier, To bear with parade and pomp away The dead to sleep with his kindred clay. But the little group, a silent few, His companions, mix'd with the hardy crew, Stood thoughtful around till a prayer was said O'er the corse of the deaf, unconscious dead.

Then they bore his remains to the vessel's side, And committed them safe to the dark blue tide: One sullen plunge — and the scene is o'er — The sea roll'd on as it roll'd before.

Rev. B. Bailey.

THE SILENCE OF NATURE.

A THOUGHT comes into my mind, as I shake the rain out of this lily, how calm and unpretending is everything in God's visible world! No noise! No pretension! You never hear a rose growing, or a tulip shooting forth its gorgeous streaks. The soul increases in beauty as its life resembles the flowers! Addison said, that our time is most profitably employed in doings that make no figure in the world.

Rev. R. A. Willmott.

ON THE FOLLY OF MELANCHOLY.

VERILY this is a lovely world; — the sun shines — the flowers look up and smile — the birds sing for very gladness of heart; — why does man, only, go about with a weight on his spirit, and a cloud on his brow, finding matter for lamentation in every leaf that fades — in every rose that withers?

* * * *

Why should we mourn thus with a never ending complaint? Ask we for riches? Does not the green earth teem with wealth? Is not the air redolent of joy? Does not the sky rain down plenteousness? Do not the brooklets gush out with pleasant music? And is there not a whole world of beauty and sweetness in every wild flower that trails its light stem over the hedge-row? Can a man walk through the meadows, and down the fragrant lanes that skirt his village home, on a fair summer evening, and say that the world is all darkness, and mortal life all sorrow?

Why do we mourn for the absent? This, indeed, is folly ineffable; we enjoyed our intercourse with them; the bright smile, and the fond familiar words, sweetened many a passing hour, and taste and talent, it may be, lightened many a weary one. then? Did we enjoy the precious boon, forgetting that of all earth's precious things, that of congenial companionship is the most fleeting, - more fragile than the April rose - than the morning gossamer? Time, circumstance, death, - all conspire to render it so: but shall we, therefore, go ever on our way, mourning? Perhaps they, at whose absence we so repine, have already forgotten us - have framed new connexions: if so, our tears are indeed a vain folly, and we ourselves but silly sorrowers over one of the inevitable evils of life.

Do we pine for the dead? Shall we sorrow because, a little earlier than ourselves, they have escaped the toil and fret of life, the cares that weary, and the regrets that lacerate, and the experience that chills? Shall we mourn, because those who were, perhaps, dearer to us than life itself, are sooner become denizens of that bright home whence every grief is banished? Passed away from our mortal sight, have they not awakened to new life, and are

they wholly lost to us? Ah, no! They come in holy bands, watching round us while we sleep; theirs are the sweet voices that whisper in dreams of peace, and hope, and repose — theirs is the sweet presence that is about us in our evening path, when the noise of day is hushed, and the busy world is excluded from our thoughts, — they are with us then, making the air holy, and our own hearts as temples of pure worship; shall we mourn, then, because they cannot, like us, return to the trifling cares, and little vexations of this lower world?

No. We will rather repress our own vain and selfish murmurs; and, passing lightly over the present — that present which, even while we speak of it, sinks silently into the past, and becomes, for us, a mere name, a memory—we will fix our earnest thoughts, our deeper hopes on that which is to come; and, while pursuing our path towards it, instead of complaining that briars and thorns encompass the way, that the sky lours, and that even the bird's song is a melancholy wail, we will pluck such few blossoms as brighten the path—we will listen to the songster's gladdest outpourings, and treasure every sunbeam, however fleeting and rare,—and thus go on our way rejoicing.

Anonymous.

THE WINTRY MAY-1837.

When Summer faded last away,
I sigh'd o'er every shortening day;
Comparing with its pale-hued flowers
My wither'd hopes, and number'd hours,
And thinking — "Shall I ever see
That Summer sun renew'd for me?"

When Autumn shed her foliage sere,
Methought I could have dropt a tear,
With every shrivell'd leaf that fell,
And frost-nipp'd blossom. "Who can tell,
When leaves again clothe shrub and tree,"
Whisper'd a voice—"Where thou wilt be?"

But when old Winter's rule severe Set in triumphant — dark and drear; Though shrinking from the bitter blast, Methought — "This worst once overpast, With balmy, blessed spring, may be A short revival yet for me."

And this is May — but where, oh! where, The balmy breath, the perfumed air I pined for, while my weary sprite, Languish'd away the long, long night, Living on dreams of roving free By primrose bank, and cowslip lea?

Unkindly season! cruel Spring!

To the sick wretch no balm ye bring;

No herald-gleam of Summer days,

Reviving, vivifying rays—

Seasons to come may brighter be

But Time—Life—Hope—run short with me.

Yet therefore faint not, fearful heart!

Look up and learn "the better part,"

That shall outlast Life's little day —

Seek peace that passeth not away:

Look to the land where God shall be

Life — Light — yea — All in All to thee.

Anonymous.

THE SAVIOUR.

He walked with you, and shared in all your sorrows; and partook the common lot. Baptized as man, forgiving sins as God: suffering, as man, temptation; who for men hath overcome the world, and conquered sin. He hungered, but fed thousands; was athirst, but cried aloud, "Come all who thirst to me!" Weary He was, but promised rest to all; He slept, but waked to calm the wind and sea; He prayed, but listened to our prayers; He wept, but from our eyes wiped all their tears away: sold for a price, He ransomed all; endured stripes from the hand he came to strengthen; wounds from those who saw him heal all sicknesses; He died, was buried, and rose up again to heaven: the Saviour of the race that slew Him.

Sir Aubrey de Vere.

THE SILENT EXPRESSION OF NATURE.

"There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard."—Ps. xix. 3.

When, thoughtful, to the vault of heaven
I lift my wondering eyes,
And see the clear and quiet even
To night resign the skies,—
The moon, in silence, rear her crest,
The stars, in silence, shine,—
A secret rapture fills my breast,
That speaks its birth divine.

Unheard, the dews around me fall,
And heavenly influence shed,
And silent, on this earthly ball,
Celestial footsteps tread.
Aërial music wakes the spheres,
Touch'd by harmonious powers;
With sounds, unheard by mortal ears
They charm the lingering hours.

Night reigns, in silence, o'er the pole,
And spreads her gems unheard:
Her lessons penetrate the soul,
Yet borrow not a word.
Noiseless the sun emits his fire,
And pours his golden streams:
And silently the shades retire
Before his rising beams.

The hand that moves, and regulates,
And guides the vast machine,—
That governs wills, and times, and fates,—
Retires, and works unseen.
Angelic visitants forsake
Their amaranthine bowers;
On silent wing their stations take,
And watch the allotted hours.

Sick of the vanity of man,—
His noise, and pomp, and show,—
I'll move upon great Nature's plan,
And silent work below.
With inward harmony of soul,
I'll wait the upper sphere;
Shining, I'll mount above the pole,
And break my silence there.

Anonymous.

DESCRIPTION OF A WRECK.

WHERE is the object exciting more serious reflection than a Wreck.

The pride and ingenuity of man humbled and overcome; the elements of the Lord occupying the fabric which had set them at defiance; tossing, tumbling, and dancing, as if in mockery at their success! The structure, but a few hours past, as perfect as human intellect could devise, towering with its proud canvass over space, and bearing man to greet his fellow man, over the surface of death!—dashing the billow from her stem as if in scorn, while she pursued her trackless way — bearing tidings of peace and security, of war and devastation — tidings of joy or grief, affecting whole kingdoms and empires, as if they were but individuals!

Now, the waters delight in their revenge, and sparkle with joy, as the sun shines upon their

victory. That keel which, with the sharpness of a scythe, has so often mowed its course through the reluctant wave, is now buried — buried deep in the sand, which the angry surge accumulates each minute, as if determined that it never will be subject to its weight again.

How many seasons had rolled away, how many millions had returned to the dust from which they sprung, before the kernels had swelled into the forest giants levelled for that structure; — what labour had been undergone to complete the task; — how many of the existent race found employment and subsistence as they slowly raised that monument of human skill; — how often had the weary miner laid aside his tool to wipe his sweating brow, before the metals required for the completion had been brought from darkness; — what thousands had been employed before it was prepared and ready for its destined use! Yon copper bolt, twisted with a force not human, and raised above the waters, as if in evidence of their dreadful power, may contain a history in itself.

How many of her own structure must have been employed, bringing from the north, the south, the east, and the west, her masts, her spars, her "hempen tackle," and her canvas wings; her equipment in all its variety; her stores for the support of life; her magazines of quiescent death. And they who so fearlessly trod her decks, conscious of their own powers and confident in their own skill; they who expanded her thousands of yards of canvas to the pursuing breeze, or reduced them, like magic, at the approaching storm — where are they now? How many sighs have been lavished at their absence! how many hearths would have been gladdened by their return! Where are the hopes, the fears, the ambition, and the pride; the courage and the enterprise; the love and the yearnings after their kin; the speculations of the present and the calculations of the future, which occupied their minds, or were cherished in their bosoms? All — all wrecked!

Marryat.

Habits are the daughters of action, but they nurse their mother, and give birth to daughters after her image, more lovely and prosperous.

Jeremy Taylor.

THE NEW PHILOSOPHY.

Ask a follower of Bacon what the new philosophy, as it was called in the time of Charles the Second, has effected for mankind, and his answer is ready - " It has lengthened life; it has mitigated pain; it has extinguished diseases; it has increased the fertility of the soil; it has given new securities to the mariner; it has furnished new arms to the warrior; it has spanned great rivers and estuaries with bridges of form unknown to our fathers; it has guided the thunderbolt innocuously from heaven to earth; it has lighted up the night with the splendour of the day; it has extended the range of the human vision; it has multiplied the power of the human muscles; it has accelerated motion; it has annihilated distance; it has facilitated intercourse, correspondence, all friendly offices, all despatch of business; it has enabled man to descend to the depths of the sea, to soar into the air, to penetrate securely into the

noxious recesses of the earth, to traverse the land on cars which whirl along without horses, and the ocean in ships which sail against the wind. These are but a part of its fruits, and of its first-fruits. For it is a philosophy which never rests, which has never attained, which is never perfect. Its law is progress. A point which was yesterday invisible is its goal to-day, and will be its starting-post to-morrow."

Macaulay.

THE flower is the beautiful nest in which the plant cradles its young, lulling them with odours, and feeding them with honey.

THE ticking of a clock may be considered as Old Time with his chisel chipping off a portion of our existence.

THE WISH TO DIE.

My mother, look not on me now
With that sad earnest eye;
Blame me not, mother — blame not thou
My heart's last wish — to die!
I cannot wrestle with the strife
I once had heart to bear;
And if I yield a youthful life,
Full hath it been of care.

Nay, weep not!— on my brow is set
The age of grief— not years;
Its furrows thou may'st wildly wet,
But ne'er wash out with tears.
And couldst thou see my weary heart,
Too weary e'en to sigh,
Oh, mother, mother! thou would'st start
And say, "'Twere best to die!"

I know 'tis Summer on the earth —
I hear a pleasant tune,
Of waters in their chiming mirth —
I feel the breath of June;
The roses through the lattice look,
The bee goes singing by,
The peasant takes his harvest-hook —
Yet, mother, let me die!

There's nothing in this time of flowers

That hath a voice for me—

The whispering leaves, the sunny hours,
The bright, the glad, the free!

There's nothing but thy own deep love,
And that will live on high;
Then mother! when my heart's above,
Kind mother, let me die!

Miss Jewsbury.

THE mind revives in solitude. Fresh airs blow down upon it from the green hills and gardens of fancy.

ACCOUNT OF A CARNATION VIEWED THROUGH A MICROSCOPE.

From an elegant bouquet I selected a carnation, the fragrance of which led me to enjoy it frequently and The sense of smelling was not the only one affected on these occasions: while that was satiated with the powerful sweet, the ear was constantly attacked by an extremely soft but agreeable murmuring sound. It was easy to know that some animal within the covert must be the musician, and that the noise must come from some little creature suited to produce it. I instantly distended the lower part of the flower, and, placing it in a full light, could discover troops of little insects frisking with wild jollity among the narrow pedestals that supported its leaves, and the little threads that occupied its centre. What a fragrant world for their habitation! What a perfect security from all annoyance in the dusky husk that surrounded the scene of action. Adapting a microscope to take in at one view the whole of the base of the flower, I gave myself an opportunity of contemplating what they were about, and this for many days together, without giving them the least disturbance. Thus I could discover their economy, their passions, and their enjoyments. microscope, on this occasion, had given what Nature seemed to have denied to the objects of contempla-The base of the flower extended itself under its influence to a vast plain; the slender stems of the leaves became trunks of so many stately cedars; the threads in the middle seemed columns of massy structure, supporting at the top their several ornaments; and the narrower spaces between were enlarged into walks, parterres, and terraces. On the polished bottoms of these, brighter than Parian marble, walked in pairs, alone, or in larger companies, the winged inhabitants; these, from little dusky flies, for such only the naked eye would have shown them, were raised to glorious glittering animals, stained with living purple, and with a glossy gold, that would have made all the labours of the loom contemptible in comparison. I could at leisure, as they walked together, admire their elegant limbs, their velvet shoulders, and their silken wings; their

backs vying with the empyrean in its blue; and their eyes each formed of a thousand others, outglittering the little planes on a brilliant, above description, and almost too great for admiration. I could observe them here singling out their favourite females, - courting them with the music of their buzzing wings, with little songs formed for their little organs, leading them from walk to walk among the perfumed shades, - and pointing out to their taste the drop of liquid nectar just bursting from some vein within the living trunk. Here were the perfumed groves, the more than myrtle shades of the poet's fancy realized. Here the happy lovers spent their days in joyful dalliance; or, in the triumph of their little hearts, skipped after one another from stem to stem among the painted trees; or winged their short flight to the close shadow of some broader leaf, to revel undisturbed in the heights of all felicity.

Sir John Hill.

The leaf of the mulberry tree in time becomes satin.

HAPPINESS.

. HAPPINESS has no localities, No tones provincial, no peculiar garb; Where duty went, she went; with justice went; And went with meekness, charity, and love. Where'er a tear was dried, a wounded heart Bound up, a bruised spirit with the dew Of sympathy anointed, or a pang Of honest suffering soothed, or injury Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven,-Where'er an evil passion was subdued, Or virtue's feeble embers fann'd - where'er A sin was heartily abjured and left,-Where'er a pious act was done, or breathed A pious prayer, or wish'd a pious wish,— There was a high and holy place, a spot Of sacred light, a most religious fane, Where Happiness descending sat and smiled.

Pollok.

EVENING.

EVENING, when the busy scenes of our existence are withdrawn, -- when the sun descending leaves the world to silence, and to the soothing influence of twilight,—has ever been a favourite portion of the day with the wise and good of all nations. appears to be shed over the universal face of nature at this period a calmness and tranquillity, a peace and sanctity, as it were, which almost insensibly steals into the breast of man, and disposes him to solitude and meditation. He naturally compares the decline of light and animation with that which attaches to the lot of humanity; and the evening of day and the evening of life become deeply assimilated in his mind. It is an association from which, where vice and guilt have not hardened the heart, the most beneficial result has ever been experienced. It is one which, while it forcibly suggests to us the transient tenure of our being here, teaches us at the

same time how we may best prepare for that which awaits us hereafter. The sun is descending, but descending, after a course of beneficence and utility, in dignity and glory, whilst all around him, as he sinks, breathes one diffusive air of blessedness and repose. It is a scene which marshals us the way we ought to go. It tells us that, after having passed the fervour and vigour of our existence, the morning and noon of our appointed pilgrimage, thus should the evening of our days set in; mild, yet generous in their close, with every earthly ardour softened and subdued, and with the loveliest hues of heaven just mingling in the farewell light. It is a scene, moreover, which almost instinctively reminds us of another world; — the one we are yet inhabiting is gradually receding from our view,—the shades of night are beginning to gather round our heads,-we feel forsaken and alone, whilst the blessed luminary now parting from us, and yet burning with such ineffable majesty and beauty, seems about to travel into regions of interminable happiness and splendour. We follow him with a pensive and wistful eye, and in the vales of glory, which appear to open round his setting beams, we behold mansions of everlasting peace, seats of ever-during delight. It is then that our thoughts are carried forward to a Being infinitely good and great, the God and Father of us all, who, distant though He seem to be, and immeasurably beyond the power of our faculties to comprehend, we yet know is about our path, and about our bed, and careth for us all; who has prepared for those who love Him, scenes of unutterable joy, - scenes to which, while rejoicing in the brightness of His presence, the effulgence we have faintly attempted to describe shall be but as the glimmering of a distant star. If associations such as these be often the result of our meditation, as the evening of day comes on, with how much more weight and solemnity must they be felt as pressing on our hearts, when to the influence of this silent hour shall be added the further consciousness that it is also the evening of the year.

Drake.

GRATTAN said of Dean Kirwan, that in lighting the flame of charity he had exhausted the lamp of life.

THE DYING BOY.

It must be sweet, in childhood to give back The spirit to its Maker, ere the heart Has grown familiar with the paths of sin, And sown—to garner up its bitter fruits.

I knew a boy, whose infant feet had trod
Upon the blossoms of some seven Springs,
And when the eighth came round and call'd him out
To gambol in the sun, he turn'd away,
And sought his chamber, to lie down and die!
"Twas night—he summon'd his accustom'd friends,
And in this wise bestow'd his last bequest—

"Mother! I'm dying now —
There is deep suffocation in my breast,
As if some heavy hand my bosom press'd;
And on my brow
I feel the cold sweat stand,
My lips grow dry and tremulous, and my breath
Comes feebly up. Oh! tell me, is this death?
Mother! your hand —

"Here, lay it on my wrist,

And place the other soft beneath my head,

And say, sweet mother! — say, when I am dead

Shall I be miss'd?

Never beside your knee

Shall I kneel down at night to pray,

Nor with the morning wake, and sing the lay

You taught me!

When you look round and see a vacant seat,
You will not wait then for my coming feet —
You'll miss me there!"

"Father, I'm going home —
To the good home you spoke of, that blest land
Where it is one bright Summer always, and
Storms do not come.

"Oh! at the time of prayer,

"I must be happy then:

From pain and death you say I shall be free—
That sickness never enters there, and we
Shall meet again!"
"Brother! the little spot
I used to call my garden, where long hours
We've stay'd to watch the budding things and flowers,
Forget it not.

"Plant there some box or pine — Something that lives in winter, and will be A verdant offering to my memory,

And call it mine!"

"Sister! my young rose tree,

That all the Spring has been my pleasant care,

Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,

I give to thee.

"And when its roses bloom,
I shall be gone away — my short life done!
But will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb?"

"Now, mother, sing the tune
You sang last night — I'm weary, and must sleep!
Who was it call'd my name? Nay, do not weep,

"You'll all come soon!"

Morning spread o'er earth her rosy wings,
And that meek sufferer, cold and ivory pale,
Lay on his couch asleep! The gentle air
Came through the open window, freighted with
The savoury labours of the early spring—
He breathed it not! The laugh of passers-by
Jarr'd like a discord in some mournful tune,
But marrèd not his slumbers!—He was dead!

Anonymous.

FLOWERS.

HERBS and flowers may be regarded by some persons as objects of inferior consideration in philosophy, but everything must be great which hath God for its author. To Him all the parts of nature are equally The flowers of the earth can raise our related. thoughts up to the Creator of the world, as effectually as the stars of heaven; and till we make this use of both, we cannot be said to think properly of either. The contemplation of nature should always be seasoned with a mixture of devotion, the highest faculty of the human mind, by which alone contemplation is improved, and dignified, and directed to its proper object. With this devotion, the study of botany seems to restore man, in his fallen state, to a participation of that felicity which he enjoyed while innocent in Paradise.

Flowers are commonly expanded by the heat of the sun; but some are opened in the evening when others are closed, and break forth at midnight, particularly one,* which is the glory of the vegetable creation—like the nightingale, which delights the ear of man, and displays its skill without a rival, while other birds are silent and at rest.

How innocently and how pleasantly is he entertained who, in cultivating various productions of the earth, hath the elements working with him, and assisting him to perfect his flowers and fruits, and raise a Paradise around him! But happiest of all is he who, having cultivated herbs and trees, and studied their virtues, rises from thence to a contemplation of the great Parent of good, whom he sees and adores in these His glorious works. The world cannot show us a more exalted character than that of a truly religious philosopher, who delights to turn all things to the glory of God.

Jones.

* The Night-blooming Cereus.

HAPPINESS is the shadow of contentment, and rests or moves for ever with the original.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Sure they who lead MARGARET. A country life, must be more pure and holy Than we of the crowded city.—There the heart, Dwelling in profitable solitude, Holds frequent commune with itself in silence; Or, which is sweeter still, may meditate Amid the various melodies of nature,-The murmuring sounds of insects on the wing, The song of birds, the flow and fall of waters,— Which calm the soul and fit it for good thoughts, Better than silence.—On the works of God The eye continually rests, and meets No intervening obstacle to exclude The observation of his bounties springing From the fair earth! — Oh! in the country We seem to stand in our Creator's presence, Surrounded by the wonders He hath made To charm and bless us,-while the land, sea, and sky Are open all before us, and our hearts
Receive an elevation and a purity
From the deep sentiment which breathes from them!
But here, in the town, all is so artificial.
We see and hear of nothing but of man,
And his ingenious, petty, vain devices;
Our very walls confine, and hem us in,
And shut out nature, truth, religion, from us.—
'Tis surely better, Anne, to dwell in the country.
God is more nigh, and evil further off.

Anne. I know not that.—Where'er we go, we bear Our own temptations with us, and still think.

To draw from our peculiar state, or station,
The excuse for yielding to them. In the retirement You deem so blest, full many a bad passion
Thrives more luxuriantly, and strikes deeper root,
Than in the much-libelled city. Where we meet
But few to compete with us, trivial graces
Will oft engender wondrous vanities;
While mighty envies spring from slight occasions,
And small offences, falling on a mind
Which has but little to divert its thoughts,
Will kindle deep and lasting enmities.

Rev. William Harness.

THE OAK OF THE VILLAGE.

HAVE you ever witnessed the destruction, the downfall, the death, of the Oak of the Village? Generations passed away, but the Oak was ever in its place. village had a new church - new officers - new governors - new proprietors - new mansions - new owners -new institutions - and even new customs and habits; but the Oak was ever in its place. In the centre of the village-green, it spread its luxurious and refreshing branches; whilst the young carolled, and the gay danced beneath its loved shade. Oak" was the scene of many a festive hour, many a joyous jubilee, many a happy anniversary! Other oaks had been planted, and had been cut down; other trees had luxuriated, and smiled on the villagers. There was but one Oak to the village others were oaks, and others were trees, but this was The Oak! If a cricket-match had to be played, it was under the Oak; if a wrestling-match had to be

fought, it was under the Oak; if two lovers gave a rendezvous, it was at the Oak; if the officers of the parish wished to address the inhabitants, they met under the Oak. When the church was pulled down, and divine worship was chanted in the open air, the Oak at once sheltered the assembly from the rays of the sun, and from the showers of heaven. The candidates for senatorial honours spoke to the electors of the spot, and the neighbourhood, under the Oak. The little children were left to play under the Oak; and their mothers or their sisters confided them with a degree of confidence to his protection - for he was as the father of the village, and the household god of In Summer time, the master of the the villagers. charity school conducted his little flock on a Saturday to the shade of the Oak; and before they separated till the Monday, from their books and studies, they sang the evening hymn beneath its branches. In troublesome and warlike time, when invasion was spoken of, and foreign foes were feared, the "Loyal Volunteers" used to exercise and drill under "the Oak." And when even Winter was most drear and the storm most pitiless, still the Oak raised his venerable head; and the thought that the Spring would return, and the tree and the green be once

more gay and enlivening, softened the severity of the hour, and mitigated even the roughness of the blast. The Oak was a constant benefactor and a neverfailing friend. Other friends might be faithless other trees might perish - other shades might be destroyed by the interested or the powerful: but "the Oak" belonged to the village - and the hearts of all the village for all time belonged to him. even the Oak was mortal --- even the Oak was destined to perish: and in the midst of a horrible tempest, which desolated this once happy and once prosperous, but now sad and desponding village, the lightning from the skies descended upon the Oak tore from it its branches - struck even to its roots. and the Oak fell, and was no more! So there was no more singing and no more dancing - no more carolling and no more meeting; and the green became deserted; and a simple monument marked the place where the venerable friend of the village had once stood; and it became deserted, lonely, and sad. And the first days of grief were as the days of weeping of an orphan who mourneth over the tomb of her mother, and as the grief of a widow who was suddenly bereft of her husband, and as the tears of a mother who weepeth over the loss of her only, her

virtuous, her beloved son. And no eye was dry, and no cheek was rosy or healthy; for all felt the loss of the Oak to be the greatest of all losses; and the village was in mourning. And to the credit of that village be it said, the mourning was a long mourning, and the tears were oft shed tears, and the grief was not of short duration, and "the Oak" is engraved on the hearts, and hangs up in the form of pictures and of paintings, in the cottage of every villager; and pieces of the branches, and of the trunk, and of the root, are handed down as precious relics from father to son, and from generation to generation. For it is still "The Oak."

Anonymous.

MEN are often capable of greater things than they perform; they are sent into the world with bills of credit, and seldom draw to the full extent.

A MIDNIGHT THOUGHT.

As I lay listening to the mournful wind In hollow gusts that swept my casement by; Fond thoughts of absent dear ones fill'd my mind, And busy fancy prompted many a sigh! Methought, while shelter'd on my couch of ease, Chiding the murmurs of the storm to cease, Of many a tar, who plough'd the angry seas, Far from a haven of repose and peace! And as I watch'd gray morning's twilight dim Glance through the shadow night had round me shed, I wept to think how lone the fate of him Who slept unpillow'd on cold Ocean's bed! Far from those friends to pity and to mourn, Whose eyes had dewed him with affection's tear, Whose hearts were beating for his wish'd return, While he unconscious press'd his wat'ry bier!

Such thoughts are only for the coward slave,
Who never felt the bliss of being free;
Whose soul would "sicken at the heaving wave,"
The sailor's glorious home of liberty!
There's bliss to him in ocean's stormy strife,
As safe he rides his gallant bark within;
These howling blasts to me with terror rife,
Are only spirit-stirring sounds to him!
And should he sleep beneath the billow's swell,
Lull'd by the murmurs of the surgy wave,
What dirge so fitting for a sailor's knell?
What tomb like ocean for a sailor's grave?

Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson.

Wir is brushwood, judgment timber; the one gives the greatest flame, the other the most heat, and both meeting make the best fire.

READING.

If I were to pray for a taste which would stand by me under every variety of circumstance, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be, a taste for reading. I speak of it, of course, only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree superseding or derogating from the higher office, and surer and stronger panoply of religious principles, but as a taste, an amusement, and a mode of plea-Give a man this taste, and surable gratification. the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail to make him a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society, in every period of history with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters that have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. It is hardly possible but that the character should take a higher tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity.

Sir John Herschel.

Dull must be the sight which fails to perceive great events and great actions; but it requires sagacity to detect the indications afforded by the bubbles of the day. A great mind is equal to comprehension of the trifling as well as the important, as the trunk of the elephant can pick up a pin or uproot a tree.

THE damps of autumn sink into the leaves and prepare them for the necessity of their fall; and thus insensibly are we, as years close round us, detached from our tenacity of life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrows.

Landor.

TO MUSIC.

TO BECALM HIS FEVER.

CHARM me to sleep, and melt me so
With thy delicious numbers,
That being ravish'd, hence I go
Away in easy slumbers.
Oh, make me weep
My pains asleep,
And give me such reposes,
That I, poor I,
May think thereby
I live, and die, 'midst roses.

Fall on me like a silent dew,
Or like those maiden showers,
Which, at the peep of day, do strew
A baptism o'er the flowers.

Melt, melt my pains
With thy soft strains,
That, ease unto me given,
With full delight
I leave this light,
And take my flight to heaven.

Herrick.

Love is the shadow of the morning, decreasing as the day advances. Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.

A MAN with knowledge, but without energy, is a house furnished but not inhabited; a man with energy, but no knowledge, a house dwelt in but unfurnished.

SILENT INFLUENCE.

THERE is, in the human body, voluntary action and involuntary action. When I move my hand, or my tongue, or my legs, that is voluntary; I can stop, or I can go on; but my heart and my lungs go on in spite of me; they are involuntary movements: so in the human character there are two influences; there is the voluntary influence, as when I go out and speak to a person in order to convince him, or appeal to a person in order to make him better; I am then exercising a designed and a voluntary influence upon that individual; but there is an involuntary influence, in my character, my conduct, my temper, when I think no man sees me, though many may be seeing me; all these, without my volition, and in spite of my volition, are shaping the character, and giving tone and temper, and it may be everlasting colours to the souls of mankind. In other words, it is impossible to be in the world, and not in some shape to influence the world.

Dr. Cumming.

ADDRESS TO THE STARS.

YE are fair, ye are fair, and your pensive rays Steal down like the light of parted days; But have sin and sorrow ne'er wander'd o'er The green abodes of each sunny shore? Hath no frost been there, and no withering blast, Cold, cold, o'er the flower and the forest, pass'd? Does the playful leaf never fall or fade? The rose never droop in the silent shade? Say, comes there no cloud on your morning beam? On your night of beauty no troubled dream? Have ye no tear the eye to annoy? No grief to shadow its light of joy? No bleeding breasts, that are doom'd to part? No blighted bower, and no broken heart? Hath death ne'er sadden'd your scenes of bloom? Have your suns ne'er shone on the silent tomb? Did their sportive radiance never fall On the cypress tree or the ruin'd wall?—

'Twere vain to guess; for no eye hath seen
O'er the gulf eternally fix'd between.
We hear not the song of your early hours;
We hear not the hymn of your evening bowers.
The strains that gladden each radiant sphere
Ne'er pour'd their sweets on a mortal ear;
Though such I could deem, on the evening's sigh,
The air-harp's unearthly melody!

Farewell, farewell! I go to my rest;
For the shades are passing into the west,
And the beacon pales on its lonely height,
Isles of the blessèd, good night, good night!

Anonymous.

The flower of youth never appears more beautiful than when it bends towards the Sun of Righteousness.

VIRTUOUS LOVE.

YE children of men! Ye abound in the gifts of Providence, and many are the favours heaven has bestowed upon you. The earth teems with bounty, pouring forth the necessaries of life, and the refinements of luxury. The sea refreshes you with its breezes, and carries you to distant shores upon its bosom: it links nation to nation in the bonds of mutual advantage, and transfers to every climate the blessings of all. To the sun you are indebted for the splendour of the day, and the grateful return of season; it is he who guides you as you wander through the trackless wilderness of space, lights up the beauties of nature around you, and makes her break forth into fruitfulness and joy. But know that these, though delightful, are not the pleasures of the heart. They will not heal the wounds of fortune, they will not enchant solitude, or suspend the feeling of pain. Know, that I only am mistress of the soul.

To me it belongs to impart agony and rapture. Hope and despair, terror and delight, walk in my train. My power extends over time itself, as well as over all sublunary beings. It can turn ages into moments, and moments into ages. Lament not the dispensations of Providence, amongst which the bestowment of my influence is one. He who feels it may not be happy; but he who is a stranger to it must be miserable!

Hall.

As the little bird cannot rise and sing in the heavens whilst the storm is raging, but will wait until it is abated, so the heart cannot rise in prayer to its Maker whilst passion rages in the heart.

An humble man is like a good tree; the more full of fruit the branches are, the lower they bend themselves.

A WALK IN A CHURCH-YARD.

WE walk'd within the Church-yard bounds,
My little boy and I—
He, laughing, running happy rounds;
I, pacing mournfully.

"Nay, child! it is not well," I said,,
"Among the graves to shout,
To laugh and play among the dead,
And make this noisy rout."

A moment to my side he clung,
Leaving his merry play,
A moment still'd his joyous tongue,
Almost as hush'd as they.

Then, quite forgetting the command,
In life's exulting burst
Of early glee, let go my, hand,
Joyous as at the first.

And now I did not check him more,
For, taught by Nature's face,
I had grown wiser than before
E'en in that moment's space.

She spread no funeral pall above
That patch of Church-yard ground,
But the same azure vault of love
As hung o'er all around.

And white clouds o'er that spot would pass,
As freely as elsewhere;
The sunshine on no other grass
A richer hue might wear.

And form'd from out that very mould In which the dead did lie, The daisy, with its eye of gold, Look'd up into the sky.

The rook was wheeling over head,

Nor hasten'd to be gone —

The small bird did its glad notes shed,

Perch'd on a grey head-stone.

And God, I said, will never give
This light upon the earth;
Nor bid in childhood's heart to live
These springs of gushing mirth;

If our one wisdom were to mourn,
And linger with the dead,
To nurse, as wisest, thoughts forlorn,
Of worm and earthy bed.

Oh no, the glory Earth puts on,
The child's uncheck'd delight,
Both witness to a triumph won—
(If we but judged aright)

A triumph won o'er sin and death,

From these the Saviour saves;

And, like a happy infant, Faith

Can play among the graves.

Rev. Richard Chenevix Trench.

An eminent philosopher described friendship as one mind in two bodies.

THE INFLUENCE OF GOOD FORTUNE ON THE SENTIMENTS OF MEN.

THE esteem and admiration which every impartial spectator conceives for the real merit of spirited, magnanimous, and high-minded persons, as it is a just and well-founded sentiment, so it is a steady and permanent one, and altogether independent of their It is otherwise with that good or bad fortune. admiration which he is apt to conceive for their excessive self-estimation and presumption. they are successful, indeed, he is often perfectly conquered and overborne by them. Success covers from his eyes, not only the great imprudence, but frequently the great injustice of their enterprises; and, far from blaming this defective part of their character, he often views it with the most enthusiastic admiration. When they are unfortunate, however, things change their colours and their names. was before heroic magnanimity, resumes its proper appellation of extravagant rashness and folly; and

the blackness of that avidity and injustice, which was before hid under the splendour of prosperity, comes full into view, and blots the whole lustre of their enterprise. Had Cæsar, instead of gaining, lost the battle of Pharsalia, his character would at this hour have ranked a little above that of Catiline; and the weakest man would have viewed his enterprise against the laws of his country in blacker colours, than perhaps even Cato, with all the animosity of a party-man, ever viewed it at the time. His real merit, the justness of his taste, the simplicity and elegance of his writings, the propriety of his eloquence, his skill in war, his resources in distress, his cool and sedate judgment in danger, his faithful attachment to his friends, his unexampled generosity to his enemies, would all have been acknowledged; as the real merit of Catiline, who had many great qualities, is acknowledged at this day. But the insolence and injustice of his all-grasping ambition would have darkened and extinguished the glory of that real merit. Fortune has in this, as well as in some other respects already mentioned, great influence over the moral sentiments of mankind; and according as she is either favourable or adverse, can render the same character the object

either of general love and admiration, or of universal hatred and contempt. This great disorder in our moral sentiments is by no means, however, without its utility; and we may on this, as well as on many other occasions, admire the wisdom of God even in the weakness and folly of man. Our admiration of success is founded upon the same principle with our respect for wealth and greatness, and is equally necessary for establishing the distinction of ranks and the order of society. By this admiration of success, we are taught to submit more easily to those superiors whom the course of human affairs may assign to us; to regard with reverence, and sometimes even with a sort of respectful affection, that fortunate violence which we are no longer capable of resisting; not only the violence of such splendid characters as those of a Cæsar or an Alexander, but often that of the most brutal and savage barbarians - of an Attila, a Gengis, or a Tamerlane. such mighty conquerors, the great mob of mankind are naturally disposed to look up with a wondering, though no doubt a weak and very foolish admiration.

Adam Smith.

AE FOND KISS.*

AE fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae farewell, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Waning sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met — or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

^{*} These exquisitely affecting stanzas contain the essence of a thousand love tales.—Scott.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!

Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!

Thine be ilka joy and treasure,

Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure!

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;

Ae farewell, alas! for ever!

Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,

Waning sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

Burns.

ORDER OF NATURE.

THERE is most perfect order in all things;
The smallest sea-weed hath its growing-place,
The humblest shell its rock, or cove, or bay,
Or ocean-haunt. And tribes there are that dwell
Apart in sunny climes; by ice-girt rocks
Dwell some of sober hue; and some delight
To range all seas, from Indus to the Pole.

RELIGION THE ONLY BASIS OF SOCIETY.

RELIGION is a social concern; for it operates powerfully on society, contributing, in various ways, to its stability and prosperity. Religion is not merely a private affair; the community is deeply interested in its diffusion; for it is the best support of the virtues and principles on which the social order rests.

Pure and undefiled religion is, to do good; and it follows, very plainly, that, if God be the Author and Friend of society, then, the recognition of Him must enforce all social duty; and enlightened piety must give its whole strength to public order.

Few men suspect, perhaps no man comprehends, the extent of the support given by religion to every virtue. No man, perhaps, is aware how much our moral and social sentiments are fed from this fountain; how powerless conscience would become without the belief of a God; how palsied would be human benevolence, were there not the sense of a higher benevolence to quicken and sustain it; how suddenly the whole social fabric would quake, and with what a fearful crash it would sink into hopeless ruin, were the ideas of a supreme Being, of accountableness, and of a future life to be utterly erased from every mind.

And, let men thoroughly believe that they are the work and sport of chance; that no superior intelligence concerns itself with human affairs; that all their improvements perish for ever at death; that the weak have no guardian, and the injured no avenger; that there is no recompense for sacrifices to uprightness and the public good; that an oath is unheard in heaven; that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator; that human existence has no purpose, and human virtue no unfailing friend; that this brief life is everything to us, and death is total, everlasting extinction; once let them thoroughly abandon religion, and who can conceive or describe the extent of the desolation which would follow!

We hope, perhaps, that human laws and natural sympathy would hold society together. As reasonably might we believe, that, were the sun quenched in the heavens, our torches would illuminate, and our

fires quicken and fertilize the creation. What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness, if man is the unprotected insect of a day. And what is he more if atheism be true?

Erase all thought and fear of God from a community, and selfishness and sensuality would absorb the whole man. Appetite, knowing no restraint, and suffering having no solace or hope, would trample in scorn on the restraints of human laws. Virtue, duty, principle, would be mocked and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A sordid self-interest would supplant every other feeling; and man would become, in fact, what the theory of atheism declares him to be,—a companion for brutes.

Channing.

OH! the wild sea-beach,
Is lone and dull when men unwilling roam,
Vex'd with the salt spray, or the whistling wind,
Heedless of shells or sea-weeds; yet not lone
To him who walks with Nature, noting well
Her perfect works, however small they be.

PRAYER.

Like the low murmur of the secret stream,

Which through dark alders winds its shaded way,
My suppliant voice is heard: Ah! do not deem

That on vain toys I throw my hours away.

In the recesses of the forest vale,
On the wild mountain, and the verdant sod,
Where the fresh breezes of the morn prevail,
I wander lonely, communing with God.

When the faint sickness of a wounded heart

Creeps in cold shuddering through my sinking
frame,

I turn to Thee — that holy peace impart,
Which soothes the invokers of Thy awful name!

O all pervading Spirit! sacred beam!

Parent of life and light! Eternal Power!

Grant me through obvious clouds one transient gleam

Of Thy bright essence in my dying hour!

W. Beckford.

THE DISAPPOINTMENTS OF HUMAN LIFE.

Human Life is ordinarily little less else than a collection of disappointments. Rarely is the life of man such as he designs it shall be. Often do we fail of pursuing at all the business originally in our view. The intentional farmer becomes a mechanic, a seaman, a merchant, a lawyer, a physician, or a divine. The very place of settlement and of residence through life, is often different and distant from that which was originally contemplated. Still more different is the success which follows our efforts.

All men intend to be rich and honourable—to enjoy ease, and to pursue pleasure. But how small is the number of those who compass these objects! In this country, the great body of mankind are, indeed, possessed of competence; a safer and happier lot than that to which they aspire; yet few, very, few, are rich. Here also, the great body of mankind.

possess a character generally reputable; but very limited is the number of those who arrive at the honour which they so ardently desire, and of which they feel assured. Almost all stop at the moderate level where human efforts appear to have their boundary established in the determinations of God. Nay, far below this level creep multitudes of such as began life with full confidence in the attainment of distinction and splendour. The lawyer, emulating the eloquence, business, and fame, of Murray or Dunning, and secretly resolved not to slacken his efforts until all his rivals in the race of glory are outstripped, is often astonished, as well as brokenhearted, to find business and fame pass by his door, and stop at the more favoured mansion of some competitor, in his view less able, and less discerning than himself.

The physician, devoted to medical science, and possessed of distinguished powers of discerning and removing diseases, is obliged to walk, while a more fortunate empiric, ignorant and worthless, rolls along the streets in his coach.

The legislator beholds with anguish and amazement, the suffrages of his countrymen given eagerly to a rival candidate, devoid of knowledge and in-

tegrity, but skilled in flattering the base passions of men, and deterred by no hesitations of conscience, and no fears of infamy, from saying or doing anything which may secure his election.

The merchant often beholds, with a despairing eye, his own ships sunk in the ocean; his debtors fail, his goods unsold; his business cramped; and himself, his family, and his hopes, ruined; while a less skilful, but more successful neighbour, sees wealth blown to him by every wind, and floated on every wave.

The crops of the farmer are stinted; his cattle die; his markets are bad; and the purchaser of his commodities proves to be a cheat, who deceives his confidence, and runs away with his property.

Thus the darling schemes, and fondest hopes of man, are daily frustrated by time. While sagacity contrives, patience matures, and labour industriously executes, — disappointment laughs at the curious fabric, formed by so many efforts, and gay with so many brilliant colours; and, while the artists imagine the work arrived at the moment of completion, brushes away the beautiful web, and leaves nothing behind.

Dwight.

NATURE.

NATURE never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege to lead
Through all the years of this our life,
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues;
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The busy feverish cares of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
In full of blessings.

Hundie

A FUPIL in the Deaf and Dumb School, at Paris, being asked the question, What is Eternity? replied, "The lifetime of the Almighty God."

CHEERFULNESS.

I HAVE always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth, who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy: on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment: cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, or fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Addison.

THE thought of my short-comings in this life Falls like a shadow on the life to come.

Longfellow.

THE DYING CHILD.

"What should it know of death"?

Come closer, closer, dear mamma,
My heart is fill'd with fears,
My eyes are dark,—I hear your sobs,
But cannot see your tears.

I feel your warm breath on my lips, That are so icy cold; Come closer, closer, dear mamma, Give me your hand to hold.

I quite forget my little hymn —
'How doth the busy bee'—
Which every day I used to say,
When sitting on your knee.

Nor can I recollect my prayers; And, dear mamma, you know That the great God will angry be If I forget them too.

And dear papa, when he comes home,
Oh, will not he be vex'd?
'Give us this day our daily bread';
What is it that comes next?

'Thine is the kingdom and the power,'—
I cannot think of more;
It comes and goes away so quick,
It never did before.

Hush, darling! you are going to The bright and blessed sky, Where all God's holy children go To live with Him on high.

But will He love me, dear mamma,
As tenderly as you?
And will my own papa, one day
Come and live with me too?

But you must first lay me to sleep Where grandpapa is laid; Is not the church-yard cold and dark, And sha'nt I feel afraid?

And will you every evening come,
And say my pretty prayer,
Over poor Lucy's little grave,
And see that no one's there?

And promise me that when you die,
That they your grave shall make
The next to mine, that I may be
Close to you when I wake.

Nay, do not leave me, dear mamma,
Your watch beside me keep,
My heart feels cold—the room's all dark—
Now lay me down to sleep;

And should I sleep to wake no more,

Dear — dear mamma, good-bye:

Poor nurse is kind; but, oh, do you

Be with me when I die!

Fulcher.

THE SUN.

THE Sun has his own work; a work, how various, magnificent, and unbroken! He guides, illuminates, and feeds the kingdoms that surround him. Call him only the shadow of God; and he does not shine in vain. He is God's missionary, having neither speech, nor language, yet making his anthem heard over the city, and over the wilderness, and over the boundless sea. He is God's artist, for ever painting new scenes to decorate His theatre for the delight of His people. He is God's physician, breathing joy into every living thing, giving colour to the flower, and beauty to the cheek.

Anonymous.

It is difficult to conceive anything more beautiful than the reply given by one in affliction, when he was asked how he bore it so well. "It lightens the stroke," said he, "to draw near to Him who handles the rod."

THOUGHTS IN SPARE MINUTES.

When I see the heavenly sun buried under earth in the evening of the day, and in the morning to find a resurrection of his glory, why (think I) may not the sons of heaven, buried in the earth in the evening of their days, expect the morning of their glorious resurrection? Each night is but the past day's funeral, and the morning his resurrection: why then should our funeral sleep be otherwise than our sleep at night? Why should not we as well wake to our resurrection as in the morning? I see night is rather an intermission of day than a deprivation, and death rather borrows our life of us than robs us of it. Since, then, the glory of the sun finds a resurrection, why should not the sons of glory?

Warwick.

[&]quot;Now" is the constant syllable ticking from the clock of time.

Tupper.

RICHES.

LET me tell you, I have a rich neighbour that is always so busy, that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money. He is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, "the diligent hand maketh rich"; and it is true indeed, but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy. It was wisely said, by a man of great observation, "that there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them"; and yet God deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches, when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, when others sleep quietly. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and competence, and above all, for a quiet conscience. Izaak Walton.

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire, Whose modest form, so delicately fine, Was nursed in whirling storms, And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young Spring first question'd Winter's sway,

And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,

Thee on this bank he threw

To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year, Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale, Unnoticed and alone, Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity; in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows, Chastens her spotless purity of breast, And hardens her to bear Serene the ills of life.

H. Kirke White.

Painting and Poetry are most glorious gifts,
Which God hath given, with their sweet sister,
Music,

To cheer life's pilgrim. Earnest, methinks, are they, Of high things yet to come, when earth shall cease Her groanings for deliverance. Not less pure Is that calm, inexpressive love of nature, Which leads th' enthusiast to the green hill's side, Or streamlet's bank, or by the billowy shore, Lingering and listening to the sea bird's cry, Or winds contending round the cliff storm-bleach'd, Making a solemn concert with the billows, That ceaseless come and go; great Nature's pulse.

ON THE LIFE OF MAN.

Some men have no other business in the world but to be born that they may be able to die; others float up and down two or three turns, and suddenly disappear, and give place to others; and they that live longest upon the face of the waters, are in perpetual motion, restless, and uneasy, and being crushed with the great drop of a cloud, sink into flatness and froth; the change not being great, it being hardly possible it should be more a nothing than it was So is every man: he is born in vanity and sin; he comes into the world like morning mushrooms, soon thrusting up their heads into the air, and conversing with the kindred of the same production, and as soon they turn into dust and forgetfulness! some of them without any other interest in the affairs of the world, but that they made their parents a little glad, and very sorrowful: others ride longer in the storm, it may be until seven years of

vanity be expired; and then, peradventure, the sun shines hot upon their heads, and they fall into the shades below, into the cover of death and darkness of the grave to hide them. But if the bubble stands the shock of a bigger drop, and outlives the chances of a child, of a careless nurse, of drowning in a pail of water, or of being overlaid by a sleepy servant, or such little accidents, then the young man dances like a bubble empty and gay, and shines like a dove's neck, or the image of a rainbow, which hath no substance, and whose very imagery and colours are fantastical; and so he dances out the gaiety of his youth, and is all the while in a storm, and endures, only because he is not knocked on the head by a drop of bigger rain, or crushed by the pressure of a load of indigested meat, or quenched by the disorder of an ill-placed humour: and to preserve a man alive in the midst of so many chances and hostilities is as great a miracle as to create him; to preserve him from rushing into nothing, and at first to draw him up from nothing, were equally the issues of an Almighty Power. And therefore the wise men of the world have contended who shall best fit man's condition with words signifying his vanity and short Homer calls a man a leaf, the smallest, the abode.

١

weakest piece of a short-lived, unsteady plant. Pindar calls him the dream of a shadow. Another, the dream of the shadow of smoke. But St. James spoke by a more excellent spirit, saying, Our life is but a vapour. viz., drawn from the earth by a celestial influence; made of smoke, or the lighter parts of water, tossed with every wind, moved by the motion of a superior body, without virtue in itself, lifted up on high, or left below, according as it pleases the sun, its foster-But it is lighter yet, it is but appearing; a father. fantastic vapour, an apparition, nothing real: it is not so much as a mist, not the matter of a shower, nor substantial enough to make a cloud; but it is like Cassiopeia's chair, or Pelops' shoulder, or the circles of heaven, φαινομένα, for which you cannot have a word that can signify a verier nothing. And yet the expression is one degree more made diminutive. A vapour; and fantastical, or a mere appearance, and this but for a little while either; the very dream, the phantasm disappears in a small time, like the shadow that departeth, or like a tale that is told, or as a dream when one awaketh. A man is so vain, so unfixed, so perishing a creature, that he cannot long last in the scene of fancy: a man goes off, and is forgotten like the dream of a distracted person. The sum of all is this, that thou art a man, than whom there is not in the world any greater instance of heights and declensions, of lights and shadows, of misery and folly, of laughter and tears, of groans and death.

Jeremy Taylor.

Music, when soft voices die, Vibrates in the memory — Odours, when sweet violets sicken, Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

Anonymous.

A skeleton—A naked cage of bone,

From whence the winged soul long since hath flown.

Fuller.

REST AND EASE.

ONE article which the poor are apt to envy in the rich, is their ease. Now here they mistake the matter totally. They call inaction ease, whereas nothing is farther from it. Rest is ease. That is true: but no man can rest who has not worked. Rest is the cessation of labour. It cannot therefore be enjoyed, or even tasted, except by those who have known fatigue. The rich see, and not without envy, the refreshment and pleasure which rest affords to the poor, and choose to wonder that they cannot find the same enjoyment in being free from the necessity of working at all. They do not observe, that this enjoyment must be purchased by previous labour, and that he who will not pay the price cannot have the gratification. Being without work is one thing; reposing from work another. The one is as tiresome and insipid as the other is sweet and soothing. one, in general, is the fate of the rich man, the other is the fortune of the poor. I have heard it said, that if the face of happiness can anywhere be seen, it is in the summer evening of a country village; where, after the labours of the day, each man at his door, with his children, amongst his neighbours, feels his frame and his heart at rest, every thing about him pleased and pleasing, and a delight and complacency in his sensations, far beyond what either luxury or diversion can afford. The rich want this; and they want what they must never have.

Paley.

As the vine has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it in sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunder-bolt, cling round it with caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs, so is it beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependant and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

Washington Irving.

THE MORAL OF AN HOUR-GLASS.

Coming hastily into a chamber, I had almost thrown down a crystal hour-glass: fear lest I had, made me grieve as if I had broken it. But, alas! how much more precious time have I cast away without regret? The hour-glass was but crystal—each hour a pearl: that, but like to be broken—this, lost outright: that, but casually—this, done wilfully. A better hour-glass might be bought, but time once lost is lost for ever.

Thus we grieve more for toys than for treasures. Lord! give me an hour-glass, not to be by me, but in me. Teach me to number my days—an hour-glass to turn me—that I may apply my heart unto wisdom.

Fuller.

No cloud can o'ershadow a true Christian, but his faith will discover a rainbow.

A COMPLAINT.

THESE are the things that fret away the heart, Cold, ceaseless trifles, but not felt the less For mingling with the hourly acts of life. It is a cruel lot for the fine mind, Full of emotions, generous, and true, To feel its light flung back upon itself—All its warm impulses repell'd and chill'd—Until it finds a refuge in disdain. And woman, to whom sympathy is life, The only atmosphere in which her soul Develops all it has of good and true, How must she feel the chill!

L, E, L

That never-thinking, ever-reading plan, Fashion some patchwork garments for a man, But starve his mind.

Tupper.

SMALL THINGS.

Love delighteth in small things; it is best shown in those little acts of kindness that form the joy of life. We have thought, when considering the wonderful construction of many an obscure shell, or its molluscous inhabitant, that the Creator designed by such means to make known his love and guardian care over all that lives and moves.

His majesty and power are manifested in the storm and whirlwind, in pealing thunders and scorching lightnings; but His "still small voice" of love is heard, speaking, as it were, oft-times from the humblest of created beings.

Mary Roberts.

WHILE man is growing, life is in decrease, And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb; Our birth is nothing but our death begun, As tapers waste that instant they take fire.

Young.

THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

WERE one to make choice of a pocket-book of prudential maxims, of every-day use and salutary practicability, for the regulation of life, it should neither be the Enchiridion of Epictetus - nor the poetical precepts of Theognis - nor the Dissertations of Antoninus - nor the Golden Sayings of the Seven Sages of Greece; but the Proverbs of Solomon, the son of David, king of Israel. Familiarised as we are from infancy with this precious manual, seeing it vended at penny-cheapness by itinerant hawkers, and carelessly thumbed at old women's schools by the vulgarest of village children, we little consider that it contains within itself a treasure of wisdom, worthy of the name of the great Oriental Prince it bears. It is King Solomon's proudest trophy; it would do honour to the greatest monarch, the greatest philosopher, that ever existed. It comprehends, in compendious space, all the most

useful wisdom diffused throughout the voluminous dissertations, and moralities, and maxims of antiquity - the marrow, I may say, of the wisdom of all sages, and of all ages. Its rules for conduct are distinct and intelligible, without any sophistry; its observations on life strikingly just, without any refinement of speculation; its invitations to wisdom attractive, without any aim, artifice, or special embellishment. Even the memory, as subsidiary to the judgment, is assisted by the equally balanced and contrasted clauses into which each verse is, like the Hebrew poetry, for the most part regularly adjusted. So simple are the precepts, as to be comprehended even by the child; so profoundly wise, as to command the reverence and sanction of the man of years and experience. Nor are they addressed to one sect of philosophers, or to one people; they are of universal application, and of immediate, obvious, reference to human conduct and affairs: there is not a day, not an action in our lives, to which they cannot be squared and adapted: they are accommodated to every country, every age and stage of life, every profession and class of society, every diversity of civilization. The king and the beggar, the simplest rustic, the profoundest statesman, may draw from them excellent counsel. And it may with confidence be asserted, that any man that sallies out into the complicated business of life, deeply impressed with the influence of this little volume, and taking its rules for his regulating chart, will conduct himself gracefully in every possible situation, and attain that honour, happiness, and prosperity, which are the necessary fruit of that prudence which it inspires.

What glory is this for the royal sage their author! His personal glory, that of his wealth and his conquests, has disappeared; but the fame of the man " who filled the world with proverbs," is fresh in every land. How much higher a glory is this than that of the vulgar multitude of kings and oppressors! The memorials of Assyrian monarchs, their towers, their walls, gardens, and sepulchres, are extinguished, mouldered down into the very soil that supported them, having left not a trace; the monuments of Egyptian tyranny exist only as immense encumbrances, on the earth, testifying to future ages their enormous inutility, and recalling (if they ever recall) the names of their founders only to be execrated as the debasers of the human race to the rank of beasts of burden: but the name of Solomon shall be ever uttered with

admiration and blessing, as that of one who not only ennobled humanity by his splendid personal example, but still continues, by the influence of his heavenly wisdom, to refine, and elevate, and render happy, our nature; a name imperishable throughout earth and her islands, so long as wisdom is "the principal thing."

Anonymous.

A BLACK cloud makes the traveller mend his pace, and mind his home; whereas a fair day and a pleasant way waste his time, and that stealeth away his affections in the prospect of the country. However others may think of it, yet I take it as a mercy, that now and then some clouds come between me and my sun, and many times some troubles do conceal my comforts; for I perceive, if I should find too much friendship in my inn, in my pilgrimage, I should soon forget my father's house, and my heritage.

Dr. Lucas.

DREAMS OF THE DEPARTED.

Sweet thoughts oft come unto the lonely-hearted,
Like the soft cadence of an angel's strain —
Thoughts of the lovely and the dear departed,
Whose smile will ne'er be seen on earth again.

As the last light of Summer evening, beaming
O'er the calm bosom of the silent sea,
So seem those loved ones, in these hours of dreaming,
From their high homes to cast their looks on me.

The deep sweet pleasure of that strange communion, Gives to the soul a season of delight, Displaying brightly that eternal union, With those whose forms have faded from our sight.

I would not give those whispers of deep feeling,
Which tell the spirit it is not alone —
That calmness o'er the heart so gently stealing —
For all the pleasures on life's pathway strewn.

For I have felt, that to my soul was given,
 In those still hours of dreamy reverie,
 A foretaste of the hallow'd joys of heaven,
 Love and re-union through eternity.

Anonymous.

Heat gotten by degrees, with motion and exercise, is more natural, and stays longer by one, than what is gotten all at once by coming to the fire. Goods acquired by industry prove commonly more lasting than lands by descent.

Fuller.

WHEN I see leaves drop from their trees in the beginning of Autumn, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world, while the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarm in abundance; but in the Winter of need, they leave me naked.

Warwick.

LOVE OF HOME.

WHATEVER strengthens our attachments, is favourable both to individual and national character. home - our birth-place - our native land! Think for a while what the virtues are, which arise out of the feelings connected with these words; and if thou hast intellectual eyes, thou wilt then perceive the connexion between topography and patriotism. Show me a man who cares no more for one place than another, and I will show you in the same person one who loves nothing but himself. Beware of those who are houseless by choice! You have no hold on a human being whose affections are without a tap-root. Vagabond and rogue are convertible terms; and with how much propriety, any one may understand, who knows what are the habits of the wandering classes, such as gipsies, tinkers, and potters.

Anonymous.

UPON THE SIGHT OF TWO SNAILS.

THERE is much variety even in creatures of the same kind. See there, two snails; one hath an house, the other wants it: yet both are snails, and it is a question whether case is the better: that which hath an house hath more shelter, but that which wants it, hath more freedom; the privilege of that cover is but a burden; you see, if it has but a stone to climb over, with what stress it draws up that beneficial load: and, if the passage proves strait, finds no entrance; whereas the empty snail makes no difference of way. Surely, it is always an ease, and sometimes an happiness, to have nothing; no man is so worthy of envy, as he that can be cheerful in want.

Bishop Hall.

A repining life is a lingering death.

Quarles.

LOSS OF A MOTHER.

The loss of a mother is always severely felt; even though her health may incapacitate her from taking any active part in the care of her family, still she is a sweet rallying-point, around which, affection and obedience, and a thousand tender endeavours to please, concentrate; and dreary is the blank when such a point is withdrawn; it is like that lonely star before us, neither its heat nor light are anything to us in themselves, yet the shepherd would feel his heart sad, if he missed it, when he lifts his eye to the brow of the mountain over which it rises, when the sun descends.

Anonymous.

THE Dutch have been compared to their own turf, which kindles and burns slowly, but which when once kindled, retains its fire to the last.

RECREATION.

RECREATION is intended to the mind as whetting is to the scythe, to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He, therefore, that spends his whole time in recreation, is ever whetting, never mowing: his grass may grow, and his steed starve: as, contrarily, he that always toils and never recreates, is ever mowing, never whetting; labouring much to little purpose. As good no scythe as no edge. Then only doth the work go forward, when the scythe is so seasonably and moderately whetted, that it may cut, and so cut, that it may have the help of sharpening.

Bishop Hall.

Would you touch a nettle without being stung by it, take hold of it stoutly. Do the same with other annoyances, and hardly will any of them affect you.

THE DOG.

The Almighty, who gave the dog to be companion of our pleasures and our toils, hath invested him with a nature noble, and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor foe; remembers, and with accuracy, both benefit and injury. He hath a share of man's intelligence, but no share of man's falsehood. You may bribe a soldier to slay a man with his sword, or a witness to take life by false accusation, but you cannot make a hound tear his benefactor. He is the friend of man, save when man justly incurs his enmity.

Sir Walter Scott.

A MAN whose labour has acquired riches, and whose charity dispenses them, is like the revolving Sun, which draws the water from the ocean at the hour of noon, to dispense it over the earth in the evening dews.

MY CHILDREN.

- My little ones, my darling ones, my precious things of earth,
- How gladly do I triumph in the blessing of your birth,
- How heartily for praises, and how earnestly for prayers,
- I yearn upon your loveliness, my dear delightful cares!
- O children, happy word of peace, my jewels and my gold,
- My truest friends till now, and still my truest friends when old.
- I will be everything to you, your playmate and your guide,
- Both Mentor and Telemachus for ever at your side!
- I will be everything to you, your sympathizing friend, To teach and help, and lead and bless, and comfort and defend;

O come to me and tell me all, and ye shall find me true,

A brother in adversity to fight it out for you!

Yea, sins or follies, griefs or cares, or young affection's thrall,

Fear not, for I am one with you, and I have felt them all;

I will be tender, just and kind, unwilling to reprove,
I will do all to bless you all by wisdom and by love.

Tupper.

THE Hindoos extend their hospitality to their enemies, saying, "The tree does not withdraw its shade even from the wood-cutter."

"Pour water hastily into a vessel with a narrow neck, little enters; pour gradually, and in small quantities, and the vessel is filled." Such was the simile employed by Quintilian, to show the folly of teaching children too much at a time.

WEALTH.

It hath been observed by wise and considering men, that wealth hath seldom been the portion, and never the mark to discover good people; but that Almighty God, who disposeth all things wisely, hath of his abundant goodness denied it (He only knows why) to many, whose minds he hath enriched with the greater blessings of knowledge and virtue, as the fairer testimonies of his love to mankind.

Izaak Walton.

MELANCTHON.

His character was privileged beyond the common walks of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven; and he expired like a wave scarcely curling to the evening zephyr of an unclouded Summer sky, and gently rippling to the shore.

FINIS.





STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES CECIL H. GREEN LIBRARY STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004 (415) 723-1493

All books may be recalled after 7 days

DATE DUE

